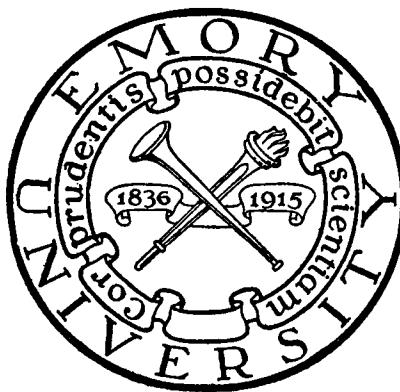


EMORY UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



JAMES THE SECOND.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

VOL. II.



SHaft.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

An Historical Romance.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1848.

LONDON: CLAYTON AND CO., PRINTERS,
16 HART STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.



BOOK THE SECOND.

IV.

COMMITTAL OF THE BISHOPS TO THE TOWER.

THE night was somewhat advanced, when the six bishops, intrusted with the petition to the King, landed from a barge at White-hall-stairs, and approached the entrance to the palace; but it was no unusual hour of audience with James, who, like his predecessor, was singularly easy of access. The prelates were watched, at a little distance,

by the Dutch ambassador, who lingered near the spot till they entered the palace. On making known their errand, an usher led them to an ante-chamber, where they were left to themselves.

Half an hour had elapsed, and their patience was well-nigh exhausted, when the Earl of Sunderland entered the room, and informed them that he had it in command to conduct them to the council-room.

“ We are very unwilling to intrude on the King at this hour, my lord,” cried St. Asaph, whose resolution began to waver, “ and will be satisfied with imploring his indulgence through you.”

“ You will plead your cause better yourself, my lord,” answered the wily minister; “ his majesty awaits you.”

With this he led the way to the council-room.

James was seated at the table, together

with Dartmouth, Jeffreys, and Father Petre. On the King's right stood Cartwright, Bishop of Chester ; a prelate as notorious for his servility, as he was degraded by his vices. In one of his drunken moments, he had gone so far as to declare publicly that Sunderland and Jeffreys were scoundrels, who would betray the King ; and, having denied the speech by his sacred order, he was at last, by the King's command, reduced to beg pardon for it in tears. Denounced by some as a secret Papist, and by others accused of a want of all religious belief, a fear of the consequences, as well as his own predilections, now disposed him rather to side with his episcopal brethren, than to lend his support to their avowed enemies.

As Sunderland introduced the bishops, St. Asaph bent the knee before the royal chair, and the other prelates followed his example.

“The time has now arrived for accomplishing your pious intentions, my liege,” urged Father Petre, apart. “Remember, it was your august father’s indecision that brought him to the block.”

“I implore your majesty to bear in mind what Lord Halifax told you this morning,” said the Bishop of Chester, “that your father suffered for the Church, not the Church for him.”

James became pale as death.

“I will hear them,” he said, in an agitated voice. “What is the meaning of this, my lords?” he added, to the bishops.

“We have come to submit a humble petition to your majesty,” answered St. Asaph. “It is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by ourselves, in behalf of the clergy of our respective dioceses.”

“Rise, my lords, I pray of you,” returned

James. “I shall be glad to find that you ask nothing inconsistent with your duty to me. Let me see the petition.”

“Be firm,” whispered Sunderland to St. Asaph, as he received the document from him.

James took the petition graciously, but his brow contracted as he perused it; and, at last, he flung it angrily from him.

“You have been silent till the last moment, in the hope of taking me by surprise,” he cried; “but you will find yourselves mistaken. You have preached unconditional obedience, and I will make you practise it.”

“Your majesty has spoken well,” observed Father Petre, in a low tone. “Only act as vigorously, and I shall consider our religion already re-established.”

“You are urging his majesty to his destruction,” said Sunderland, warmly.

“How, my lord!” cried James; “do you dare—”

“Forgive me, my liege,” interrupted Sunderland, “but when pernicious advice, like this, is given you, I am compelled to denounce it.”

“I will hear no more,” cried James, impetuously. “I am determined both to enforce the laws, and to uphold my prerogative.” And, turning to the bishops, he added, “Your petition, my lords, disputes the dispensing power. Are you aware that you are raising the standard of rebellion?”

St. Asaph again threw himself on his knees.

“I beseech your majesty not to say aught so hard and unjust of us,” he exclaimed; “rebellion is the furthest thing from our thoughts.”

“We have adventured our lives for your

majesty," said Trelawney, "and would spill the last drop of our blood in your defence."

"Your actions scarcely bear out your words," cried James, scornfully. "God has given me a dispensing power, and I will maintain it."

"I hope your majesty will allow the same freedom of opinion to us, which you have accorded to the Dissenters," implored Kenn; "I will honour the King, but fear God."

"I tell you, bishop," cried James, "there are seven thousand men, even in the Church of England, who have not bowed the knee to Baal. I will be obeyed."

"God's will be done!" ejaculated Kenn, devoutly.

"You would be martyrs—ha!" cried James, furiously.

"Their lordships had better withdraw for a short time, my liege," said Sunderland.

“ Recollect Lord Halifax’s words, my liege,” murmured the Bishop of Chester.

“ Peace!” thundered James, waving his hand.

The usher in waiting then advanced, and, as he passed, Sunderland, unperceived, slipped a paper into his hand. The bishops were then conducted to an adjacent chamber.

“ Your majesty must not hesitate now,” said Father Petre, quickly; “ to the Tower with them—to the Tower.”

“ Be content, father, they shall go,” rejoined the King.

A bitter smile illumined Father Petre’s cadaverous countenance.

“ I implore your majesty not to resolve too hastily on this measure,” said Sunderland. “ Dismiss them to-night, and inform them of your pleasure another time—a week—a month hence.”

“It is not often I can agree with the Earl of Sunderland, my liege,” added Lord Dartmouth; “but I now intreat you to yield to his suggestion. Let me again remind you of the last words of poor Doctor Morley.”

“Doctor Morley was an obstinate schismatic,” rejoined Father Petre. “I pray Heaven to guide your majesty’s judgment, and keep you steadfast to your pious purpose.”

“My determination is unalterable,” replied James. “They shall go to the Tower, if it cost me my crown.”

“It is likely to cost him his crown, and something more,” muttered Dartmouth to the Bishop of Chester.

“The chancellor tells me, my liege, that the committal of the bishops is a violation of the law,” urged Sunderland, who had been vainly endeavouring to persuade Jeffreys to interpose.

“ Such is my opinion,” faltered Jeffreys, appalled at the responsibility of his situation.

“ Do not talk to me of the law,” exclaimed James; “ I am above the law.”

“ Your majesty may be above the law, but we are not,” rejoined Sunderland.

“ His lordship is afraid of offending his ally, the Prince of Orange,” observed Father Petre, sneeringly.

“ I am afraid of endangering the crown,” rejoined Sunderland, sternly. “ But here comes one who has ever been at his majesty’s side in moments of danger.”

As he spoke, the folding doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered the room. Father Petre uttered an impatient exclamation.

Mary looked pale and alarmed, and supported herself on the arm of the Countess of Powis, who was herself much agitated. As she stepped forward, all the council

arose, and James hastened to meet her. Assisting her to a chair, he gently reproached her for invading his deliberations.

“I thought my advice might be acceptable to your majesty,” answered Mary. “You may have wiser councillors than myself, but you have none more sincere. Lord Sunderland, your look alarms me. Has anything gone wrong?”

“Nothing but what I hope we can repair, gracious madam,” he answered; “but we must have time, and I implore the King to suspend his judgment on the question before him for a short period, till he can calmly consider what measures should be taken.”

“Well and loyally spoken,” answered Mary; and, sinking her voice, she added to James, “Your majesty must acknowledge that his lordship speaks the truth. I implore you to listen to him.”

“ The Church will bear in mind this ill-timed interference, madam,” said Father Petre. “ Better you were in your chamber with your handmaidens than in men’s counsils.”

“ Bethink you of Lord Halifax’s saying, my liege,” whispered the Bishop of Chester, again repeating his formula.

No look or gesture from James evinced that the boding words reached his ear, but he remained for a few minutes buried in deep thought, at the end of which he roused himself, and said to Sunderland, “ My lord, you will signify to the bishops that I defer giving them an answer to their petition until this day three weeks, when they will appear before me, together with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The audience is at an end.”

“ You have saved the King, madam,” whispered Sunderland.

“And blasted the hopes of our Church,” rejoined Father Petre, who overheard him, “for which it will owe you little gratitude.”

“I have obeyed the impulses of my heart and conscience, father,” replied Mary, “and am therefore satisfied with what I have done.”

As the royal pair withdrew, Sunderland proceeded to dismiss the bishops.

The fact of the bishops having petitioned the King for the repeal of the order to read the Declaration of Indulgence in the churches, together with the reception that James had accorded them, was the next day bruited abroad throughout the metropolis. The excitement occasioned by the intelligence was universal, and all parties looked forward with the utmost impatience to the next Sunday, when the Declaration was appointed to be read. With four exceptions, the whole of the metropolitan clergy dis-

obeyed the order; and even in the private chapel of Whitehall, the Declaration was read by a chorister. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who would have honoured the episcopal bench by his talents, if he had not disgraced it by his vices, was obliged to read it himself in Westminster Abbey, and, before he had finished the perusal, such a disturbance arose, that he could scarcely hold the proclamation.

Even the Nonconformists extolled the resistance of the bishops: and the venerable Baxter, from his pulpit at Acton, denounced the proclamation as an insult to the Protestant religion.

“ The whole Church,” wrote Count d’Adda in a letter to the pope, “ espouses the cause of the bishops. There is no reasonable expectation of a division among the Anglicans, and our hopes from the Nonconformists are vanished.”

It was not by the papal nuncio alone that this demonstration of public opinion was regarded with apprehension. It caused equal inquietude to the King, the Queen, and the Ministers. But encouraged by Father Petre, James still cherished the conviction that the resistance of the clergy would be overcome by violence; and he was unfortunately placed in that embarrassing situation in which it was equally dangerous to advance or recede. Sunderland, however, continued his endeavours to persuade him to a moderate course, in which he was ably seconded by Dartmouth, Jeffreys, and Preston, but the condition of the Queen deprived him of her more powerful support, and his efforts to promote conciliation were effectually thwarted by the insidious counsels of Petre.

Meanwhile, the petitioning bishops were summoned to appear before the privy council

on the eighth of June, to answer a charge of misdemeanour. Leaving for after narration such incidents of this history as happened in the interim, we shall at once proceed to shew how the prosecution of the prelates was conducted.

On the afternoon of the appointed day the whole of the privy council assembled at Whitehall. Dispersed in knots round the room, they awaited with anxiety the appearance of the King, but meanwhile conversed, with affected carelessness, on the various topics of the day. Sunderland alone took no pains to conceal his uneasiness, and as he passed from one group to another, he exacted from his friends a promise of unqualified support.

At length, James entered the council-room, attended by Father Petre. He looked grave and anxious, and his brow was clouded with an ominous frown. Motioning the

councillors to their seats, he opened the proceedings with a few prefatory remarks, in which he reminded his auditors of the momentous character of the case they were about to investigate, and concluded by advising them not to mistake in their judgments weakness for moderation.

“In shunning that error, my liege,” replied Sunderland, “we must be equally careful not to confound violence with vigour. Let their lordships be introduced.”

The usher disappeared, but presently returned, followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the six bishops.

“So, your grace has come at last,” cried James, sternly, as the primate advanced. “It is some time since we met. I am sorry I cannot give you better welcome.”

“I have laboured under your majesty’s displeasure too long,” replied the Archbishop. “Age and infirmities, too, have

kept me a close prisoner at Lambeth, but I have prayed daily for your welfare."

" You should have prayed also for a humble heart," answered James, bitterly : " you would raise a revolt against me."

" God forbid we should ever give you cause to think so, my liege," exclaimed the Archbishop. " It is our duty rather to set an example of obedience to our fellow-subjects."

" Do you acknowledge this insolent writing as yours ? " demanded James, pointing to the petition.

" I am not obliged to answer your majesty," rejoined the Archbishop.

" Not answer me ! " exclaimed the King, passionately. " By my faith ! but you will find that you are obliged."

" Not so, your majesty," interposed Jeffreys. " No man is obliged to criminate himself."

“Are you his grace’s counsel?” asked Father Petre, insolently.

“Tush, priest,” replied Jeffreys, dealing him one of his blackest looks.

“What I would not answer on compulsion, I will declare voluntarily,” said the Archbishop. “The handwriting *is* mine. My brother prelates also desire me to acknowledge that their signatures are appended by them.”

“Enough,” said James. “Having pleaded guilty, it only remains to decide on your punishment.”

“It must be such as to prevent the repetition of the offence,” observed Father Petre.

“They will soon come to their senses if deprived of their sees,” remarked Lord Berkeley.

“Publish a declaration, my liege,” said Sunderland, “expressive of your just resentment at the hardihood of the bishops, but

stating also that it is still your gracious intention to treat them with clemency."

Jeffreys, Preston, and Dartmouth expressed their concurrence in this proposition.

"I exhort your majesty not to consent to such a declaration," said Father Petre, solemnly. "It will be holding out encouragement to rebellion. There is only one way of dealing with these insolent prelates, and that is, by a prosecution."

"It were best to commit them to the Tower," said the Earl of Middleton.

"I like your counsel well, my lord," said James, "but as lord Sunderland recommends clemency, I will so far yield to him, that they shall be set at liberty on putting in bail. The Lord Chancellor will inform them of my determination."

"My lords," said Jeffreys, addressing the prelates, who, during this brief debate, had been removed to the further end of the

chamber, and who were now brought forward again, “his majesty is justly indignant at the petition you have presented to him, which he regards as a tissue of sedition, and he has ordered you to be prosecuted for the misdemeanour accordingly. But, in the mean time, in his clemency, he will vouchsafe you his permission to be allowed to go at large on entering into recognisances to appear at your trial.”

“My brother bishops will do as they like,” said Trelawney, abruptly, “but for my own part, I will never enter into such an arrangement.”

“Even if willing, which we are not, we could not so engage,” said Kenn.

“As peers of the realm we claim our privileges,” said the Archbishop.

“Make out the warrant for their committal to the Tower,” said James to Jeffreys.
“Let them be placed in custody at once.”

The Archbishop bowed submissively, and passed out of the room, accompanied by the bishops. They tarried in the ante-chamber for a short time, when they were joined by the high-constable of Westminster, who informed them that he was empowered to take them into custody, and convey them to the Tower. They expressed their readiness to accompany him, and without further delay, followed him out of the palace.

The approach to Whitehall-stairs across the outer-court, was kept clear by a party of the guards, under command of Colonel Kirke, but on either side were collected numerous spectators, among whom might be distinguished the pious and amiable Evelyn, and his courtier friend, Pepys. The spectators uncovered, as the prelates appeared; but though every eye regarded them with sympathy, no one gave utterance to any expression of feeling, and amidst a profound

silence, the bishops bent their steps towards the stairs. Here one of the royal barges awaited them, and, attended by the high-constable, and a strong escort of the grenadier guards, they embarked for the Tower.

Favoured by the tide, the barge passed swiftly down the river; and shooting the centre arch of London Bridge, arrived at Traitor's Gate. The Lieutenant of the Tower had been apprised of their approach, and the great wooden gates beneath the archway were thrown open to admit the barge.

As they passed beneath the black and yawning archway, a gloom fell upon the spirits of the bishops, which all their fortitude failed to dissipate. The boldest felt daunted at the prospect presented, by the probable effect of their imprisonment, which, if adverse to themselves, must involve the triumph of arbitrary power, and the consequent subversion of the Church,

or if favourable, must produce a great national convulsion. But, depressing as it was, this very apprehension, raising them above any personal fear, gave to the virtuous among them a dignity and elevation of deportment, that excited admiration.

As they mounted the steps, they were received by Sir Edward Hales, the Lieutenant of the Tower, attended by a party of the guard, commanded by Colonel Trellawney.

Sir Edward Hales was the first Roman Catholic who had been nominated, under a dispensation from the King, to a public appointment. A friendly information was laid against him in the Court of King's Bench, by his own coachman, for the purpose of establishing the legality of the dispensing power, and the judges had then decided that the royal dispensation qualified him to hold office. A bigoted papist, he was in any

case disposed to treat the dignitaries of the Protestant Church with incivility, but the fact of their having disputed the dispensing power, by which alone he was rendered capable of holding his public employments, made him regard his venerable prisoners with especial dislike.

“Welcome to the Tower, my lords,” he said, with derisive politeness. “I trust I shall have the pleasure of a long visit from you.”

“Shew us to our lodgings, sir,” said the Archbishop, passing on.

As he moved with the others towards the entrance of the Bloody Tower, Colonel Trellawney stepped on one side, and took off his hat. The soldiers instantly cast down their arms, and threw themselves on their knees. One of the officers burst into tears.

The Archbishop paid no attention to these demonstrations of regard, but walked

on with his gaze fixed on the ground, while the other prelates imitated his example, though Trelawney, in passing, exchanged a glance with his brother. Conducted by Hales, they crossed the Tower-green, and when in view of the chapel, the Archbishop perceived that the door was open, and expressed a wish to join in the evening service, at the moment in course of celebration. Hales yielded a reluctant assent, and the prelates entered the sacred edifice.

The officiating clergyman chanced to be reading the second lesson as they made their appearance; and, by a strange coincidence, at this moment delivered the apostle's exhortation to the Corinthians, to approve themselves “the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments.” As he read forth the passage, the whole congregation stood up.

Exasperated and alarmed, Sir Edward Hales quitted the chapel, and summoned the garrison to arms. By this time the bishops came out of the chapel. Hales received them with his staff at the door; and conducted them in silence to the Beauchamp Tower, which had been hastily prepared for their reception.

V.

THE EXCISE-OFFICERS.

IN the hostel of the Burleigh Arms, in Cecil Street, were two garrets, which were rarely appropriated to the reception of guests. They were approached by a narrow back-staircase, entirely separated from the rest of the house; a circumstance which added materially to their ordinary quiet and seclusion.

On the night of the committal of the bishops to the Tower, the front garret,

which was of considerable size, and very sombre aspect, was occupied by three persons, two of whom have been already presented to the reader, as Mynherr Van Citters, the Dutch ambassador, and Colonel Sidney. The third was Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington—a man of loose and dissolute character, who had originally been a great favourite of James, but having refused to embrace popery, as an atonement for the errors of his life, he was dismissed from the King's service, and naturally went over to that of the Prince of Orange.

“It is strange we have no tidings from Holland,” remarked Herbert.

“I am in hourly expectation of despatches from the Prince,” said Van Citters; “and have ordered them to be sent here, if any arrive in my absence.”

“King James is doing all he can to help

us," observed Sidney, with a smile. "Our agents also are hard at work. Johnstone has gone to see Bishop Trelawney in the Tower; and Speke is stirring up the dissenters and the city apprentices."

"I distrust that Speke," rejoined Van Citters. "He owes his freedom to the King, if not his life, and yet he betrays him. When he has us completely in his power, he will be equally treacherous to us."

"I am quite satisfied of his fidelity," said Sidney.

Van Citters shook his head, but made no remark, and at this moment the door opened, admitting the portly landlord. Littlehales was accompanied by a tall man, closely muffled in a cloak, who advanced to Van Citters, and presented him with a box of despatches.

"They have just arrived, your excel-

lency," he said; "and the messenger tells me are of the last importance."

Upon this the man withdrew, in company with Littlehales. Van Citters took some despatches from the box, and cast his eyes hastily over them, while his companions watched him in silence, endeavouring to discover from his looks the nature of their contents.

After a considerable interval, their impatience having become almost intolerable, the phlegmatic ambassador thought fit to relieve it.

"The Prince has at last determined upon an invasion," he said. "He is secretly making preparations for this purpose, but before he declares himself, he requires an invitation from the leading men of this country, assuring him of their concurrence and support."

"There will be little difficulty in obtain-

ing it, I hope," replied Sidney. "I am sure of Devonshire and Danby; and Halifax has promised to join us, if we can secure Nottingham. I hope to accomplish the latter point through the agency of young Moor."

" You must remember that Nottingham is a Tory," remarked Herbert.

" Be careful how you put yourself in his power," cried Van Citters. " And can you trust Moor?"

" I would trust him with my life," said Sidney.

" The best way will be to let Nottingham see our strength," returned Herbert. I think with you, that his regard for the Church will induce him to listen to us, but he is timid and wavering. If he were sensible of the progress we have made, he would be less reluctant."

" Herbert is right," said Sidney." I must

persuade Moor to invite him to a general meeting at Mrs. Potter's.—But here comes some intelligence."

As he spoke, a stout, burly man entered the room, and was instantly recognised by the confederates as George Johnstone, an active coadjutor. Johnstone was the cousin of the celebrated Dr. Burnet, and the most industrious of his correspondents. From his high connexions, he possessed considerable means of obtaining information—his sister being the wife of General Drummond, who was one of the leading persecutors of the Scotch Presbyterians, and his niece was married to the son of the Earl of Melfort, one of the ministers.

As he returned the greeting of the confederates, he produced a packet of letters, and presented it to Sidney.

"These are from the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bristol," he said. I suppose you have

heard how they were received at the Tower?"

"All the town has heard it by this time," laughed Sidney. "Speke has gone to spread the intelligence among the apprentices. But excuse me a moment."

And he hastened to peruse the packet of letters.

While he was thus engaged, Van Citters turned again to his despatches, and Herbert conversed in an under-tone with Johnstone.

"The prelates are full of confidence," resumed Sidney, at length. "Dr. Trelawney has enclosed me a letter from the Bishop of London, in which his lordship expresses a wish to join us."

"Secure him, by all means!" cried Van Citters.

"Invite him to the meeting at Mrs. Potter's," said Herbert. "His presence will have a good effect on Nottingham."

“No doubt,” answered Sidney, “and I will take care he is present.”

Here the door again opened, admitting two persons, the foremost of whom was addressed by Sidney by the name of Speke.

Speke’s countenance was harsh and forbidding, and might well excite doubt in a less suspicious nature than that of the Dutch ambassador. He had been prosecuted during the previous reign for an infamous libel, accusing James, then Duke of York, of having murdered Lord Essex in the Tower, and had been punished by a fine of 5000*l.* Liberated through the intercession of James, whom he had so vilely slandered, he acknowledges, in his “Secret History of the Revolution,” that the generous monarch not only forgave his offence, but afterwards took him into favour. At this very moment, indeed, he stood high in the King’s confidence, though he professed to his

enemies that he was plotting his destruction.

“I have brought a trusty friend to see you, gentlemen,” he said, presenting his companion. “He is called Ephraim Ruddle, and is an old Cromwellian. He has been working for us among the Nonconformists.”

“He has done our cause good service then,” replied Sidney. “As the Nonconformists stand by the Church, now she is in danger, so will the Church stand by them hereafter.”

“They shall be relieved from all disabilities,” observed Van Citters. “Such distinctions should cease among brethren.”

“Yea, should they,” concurred Ephraim, in a strong nasal twang.

“Do you call these canting dogs our brethren?” muttered Herbert, with a look of disgust, to the ambassador.

“It won’t do to be over-scrupulous just

now," whispered Van Citters. "Do you find the Dissenters much concerned about the bishops?" he added to Ephraim.

"The elect look on and marvel, and cry 'Watch! watch! for the day of deliverance is at hand,'" rejoined Ephraim, in the same snuffling tone as before.

"But will they help us to accomplish the deliverance?" asked Van Citters.

"They are waiting the cry of the watchman at the gate, when there will be a shout of 'To your tents, O Israel!'" returned Ephraim.

"Be seated," said Van Citters, "and let us know precisely the amount of your strength."

While Ephraim, sitting bolt upright in a chair, and twirling round his thumbs, entered into the details required of him, Sidney conversed apart with Speke.

"From this fellow's account, I suppose

you have succeeded with the Dissenters," he said, "eh?"

"We have—but not without difficulty," replied Speke. "They thought, at first, that the bishops were resisting the Declaration of Indulgence."

"I feared they would be influenced by that," rejoined Sidney; "but you did not allow them to retain such an impression?"

"No, but it required great skill and subtlety to remove it," returned Speke, with a smile. "I told them the bishops only desired to have the Declaration of Indulgence sanctioned by Parliament, so that the King should not be able to repeal it, as he intended, when he had thrown all the power into the hands of the Papists."

"And that turned them?" asked Sidney.

"It went a great way," answered Speke. "Coupled with a few stories about the

Jesuits and Anti-Christ, it brought them quite round."

"And the apprentices—what of them?" asked Sidney.

"The cry of 'No Popery' was all the persuasion they required," replied Speke.

"Did you concert a demonstration?" inquired Sidney.

"I did, both with them and the Dissenters," returned Speke. "Large mobs will assemble round the Tower every day as long as the bishops are confined there; and a deputation of Dissenting divines will wait upon their lordships to-morrow, with an address of condolence."

"So far, then, all promises fairly," rejoined Sidney. "Who have we here?"

The door opened, and Littlehales entered, ushering in a lady, whom, in spite of a closely drawn veil, Sidney instantly knew to be Mrs. Dawson, one of the attendants of the

Queen. Mrs. Dawson was a distant relation of Dr. Burnet, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Baillie, of Jerviswood, a sister of Johnstone, by whom she had been won to the interest of Sidney.

All the party rose at her appearance.

“I thought you and Mr. Johnstone would have been alone, Colonel Sidney,” said Mrs. Dawson, in accents of alarm, and speaking to him apart, “or at most, that no one but Mr. Van Citters would have been with you. Is not that Mr. Speke?”

“It is,” answered Sidney, “but you need fear nothing from him. He is a friend.”

“Still I would not have him know me,” faltered Mrs. Dawson. “But he cannot distinguish my features, and I will only stay to tell you that Lady Sunderland will meet Mrs. Venables to-night, if she can contrive to enter the palace.”

“I will take care that Mrs. Venables

receives her ladyship's message," replied Sidney. "Will you admit my young friend, Charles Moor, to the picture gallery?"

"It will be running a great risk," said Mrs. Dawson, hesitatingly. "However, let him come. And now that my message is delivered, I must be gone."

"Permit me to attend you to your chair, madam," said Johnstone, stepping forward.

And he preceded her out of the room.

Shortly afterwards Sidney was about to follow, when Littlehales rushed into the room.

"Stop, Colonel," he cried, "the excise officers have just pounced upon us, and will meet you on the stairs. Gather round the table, and make b'lieve to be at ease, or you 'll excite their suspicions."

"This is devilish unlucky," cried Sidney.

"What shall we do with the papers?" ejaculated Herbert.

“I ’ll dispose of ’em, your excellency,” said Littlehales. “Give ’em to me.”

“And what ’s to be done with me?” demanded Van Citters, uneasily. “If they happen to know me, they ’ll suspect you all.”

“Your excellency can get out on the roof,” replied Littlehales.

“Ay, the roof! quick—quick!” cried Sidney.

And grasping the ambassador’s arm, he hurried him to a dormer window, and assisted him to pass to a ledge without, whence he could scramble upon the roof. Leaving him there, he shut the window, and joined his companions at the table.

Meanwhile, Littlehales had swept all the papers into his apron, and, by the help of a small ring in the floor, raised a plank which was contrived as a place of concealment, and having shot the papers into the open-

ing, dropped the board into its place again.

“ Well done, Jerry,” cried Sidney. “ But where have you bestowed your decanters? These fellows must not find us here without wine.”

“ Here they are, sir,” replied Littlehales, producing bottles and glasses.

Voices were now heard on the stairs, calling on Littlehales to open the door, and threatening him with the vengeance of the law for his delay.

“ Comin’, sirs, comin’,” shouted Littlehales, opening the door, and admitting an excise-officer and three assistants.

“ Soh, here ’s a reg’lar gambolin’ party,” cried the exciseman. “ I knew we’d find you out, Mister Littlehales.”

“ Who are these people, landlord?” demanded Sidney, with affected surprise.
“ What does this mean? ”

“Come, no nonsense,” returned the exciseman. “Just hand out the cards and dice, or I’ll call in the watch, and pack you all off to the round-us.”

“They arn’t gamblers, Mr. Girdlestone,” observed Littlehales, with ill-concealed terror. “They’re the Grecian club, as always meets in this here hattic.”

“That man looks like a Greek, certainly,” resumed the exciseman, glancing at Sidney. “Barlow,” he added to one of his assistants, “it’s the colonel; ain’t it?”

“What colonel?” asked the assistant, stepping forward.

Sidney met their gaze with perfect composure.

“Why, Colonel Underwood,” replied the exciseman. “He’s werry like him.”

“Werry like Colonel Underwood,” rejoined Barlow.

“You do not know who you are speaking

of, you insolent rascals," cried Sidney. "Begone, or your office shall not protect you from my resentment."

"Well, it 's true we aint caught you in the act," replied the exciseman, somewhat awed by Sidney's commanding manner. "But sound the walls, mates! There may be some sly cupboards about, where old Jerry stows his liquors."

With a jeering laugh, his assistants quickly produced a mallet and chisels, and proceeded to sound the walls. But their labours were fruitless, and, after a diligent investigation, they relinquished their object.

"Snewin shouldn't have told you he 'd send us, Jerry," the exciseman then said. "But come, we 'll part friends. We don't mind drinkin' your health."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Girdlestone, sir," replied Littlehales; "but I 've no liquor good enough for you at present."

And he led the way out of the room.

As soon as they were fairly gone, Sidney hastened to the relief of Van Citters, whom he found seated on a gable end of the roof. The ambassador was delighted to hear of the departure of the officers, and gladly returned to the room, where he and Sidney exchanged a few words apart, after which the latter summoned Littlehales, and directed him to fetch a sedan-chair. A quarter of an hour elapsed before Littlehales returned from his errand, and, entering the passage, he was greatly surprised to find a tall and elegantly dressed lady standing near the door.

“ Servant, madam,” he exclaimed. “ Any thing I can do for you ? ”

“ Only shew me to the door, Jerry,” replied the lady, in very masculine tones.

“ Why, zounds, Colonel, it ain’t you, surely,” ejaculated Littlehales, wonderstricken at the sudden metamorphosis.

“ No, it ’s Mrs. Venables, you dolt,” exclaimed the lady.

“ Mrs. Wenerables,” echoed Littlehales; “ I ’m sure you look quite like a fine young madam, and not wenerables by no means.”

“ Hold your tongue, and open the door,” cried the lady, impatiently, “ and tell the porters to take me to Whitehall.”

“ Why, bless us, you aint agoin’ there, and in that disguise?” cried Littlehales.

“ Do as I bid you, and ask no more questions,” cried the lady, dealing him a sounding box on the ear.

And stepping forward she entered the chair, which instantly moved off in the direction intimated.

VI.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF
WHITEHALL.

ORIGINALLY constructed for Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., by Inigo Jones, and completed under the auspices of the Prince's martyr-brother, Charles I., the Picture Gallery of Whitehall was erected, to use the words of Walpole, "about the middle of the palace, running across from the Thames towards the banqueting-house, and fronting westward to the privy-garden."

Seized by the Parliament in the Civil War, on the 23rd of July, 1645, it was resolved by the House of Commons that “all such pictures and statues at Whitehall as were without any superstition, should be forthwith sold for the benefit of Ireland and the North; and all such pictures there as have the representation of the Second Person in the Trinity, or of the Virgin Mary, should be forthwith burnt.” Walpole’s “Anecdotes of Painting” contains many curious particulars of the sale and dispersion of the royal collection.

The gallery was, however, partially restored. On his elevation to the Protectorate, Cromwell exerted himself to preserve such pictures as had not been sold or stolen, and repurchased many of those scattered abroad. The collection was subsequently enriched by other gems, and by the native genius of Lely and Kneller, and

thus again came to rank among the first picture-galleries of Europe.

Ten o'clock had sounded, when the usher ordinarily stationed at the entrance of the gallery locked the door, and taking away the key, marched off. Scarcely had he disappeared when a young man stepped quickly forward from the opposite end of the corridor, where he had remained concealed, and tapping softly against the door, it was instantly unlocked on the other side, and opened for him. This service had been performed by Signora Riva, one of the Queen's favourite attendants, who, as the young man passed through, smiled, and pointing down the gallery, again closed the door, but did not lock it, and remained near it, while he walked quickly on in the direction indicated.

Here and there a lamp was lighted, dimly revealing some wondrous production of a great master, but generally the gallery was

buried in obscurity. Hurrying forward between ranges of statues, the young man speedily found himself beside a lady, who advanced to meet him. It was Sabine.

“ You are very rash in coming here, Mr. Moor,” she said, in an agitated tone. “ Do you not know the risk you incur by the step?”

“ I know it perfectly, but I would have incurred double the risk to exchange a word with you,” replied Moor. “ My letter would have acquainted you with my determination.”

“ You were very imprudent to write,” said Sabine;—“ very imprudent, indeed.”

“ Do not chide me,” said Moor, “ but tell me somewhat about yourself. I know that M. Barillon has consented to your remaining with the Queen, on her majesty’s undertaking that the Count de Lauzun shall not interfere with you; but I wish to

know whether you are to continue at the palace."

"Not long," replied Sabine. "I have had no communication either with my uncle or the Count de Lauzun, but I believe I am to return shortly to France."

"To France!" echoed Moor, in a tone of despair.

"Nor is it likely I shall ever come back to this country," rejoined Sabine, in tones of almost equal sadness. "I have consented to see you in this clandestine manner,—of which you must disapprove as much as I do myself,—to bid you an eternal farewell."

"Oh no! do not say so, Sabine," replied Moor, taking her hand which she did not withdraw. "If you go to Paris I will go there to."

"It would be useless," said Sabine. "Efforts, I know, will be made to compel me

to conform to the Romish faith. Indeed, I have been told by her majesty that a life of wealth and dignity will open to me if I assent,—but that I will never do. The alternative is a life of seclusion, and I may probably be sent to Switzerland. But be it as it may, we can never meet again.”

“ I will not seal my own doom by agreeing to the sentence,” replied Moor.

“ It must be,” said Sabine, gravely and firmly. “ You have heavy duties to discharge, and will soon forget me.”

“ Never!” exclaimed Moor.

“ From what I see passing around me, and from what I hear, I am certain that great troubles will fall upon this court and kingdom,” rejoined Sabine. “ A mighty religious convulsion is at hand, and it will be much if you escape a civil war. Ours is the Protestant faith, but though the bigotry

of the King will no doubt hurry him into extreme acts, do not, Mr. Moor, do not forget your allegiance to him."

"I will never aid his enemies," said Moor, "but I cannot submit to see the Protestant Church oppressed. The King is surrounded by dangerous and designing men. Father Petre is hurrying him to destruction. Oh, that you could tell the Queen as much!"

"Were I to tell her, she would not believe me," replied Sabine. "The Jesuit's influence is almost as great with her as with the King."

Before Moor could reply, Signora Riva, who had remained stationed near the door during the whole of the interview, rushed forward, and cried—"The King is coming; he is already at the door."

"Can I not pass out at the other door?" demanded Moor.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sabine. "An

usher and several valets are placed there. You will be recognised and arrested."

"Step behind this book-case," cried Signora Riva. "You may be able to get out by and bye. Quick, here comes the King, and with him Father Petre."

Acting upon the suggestion, Moor retreated behind a massive book-case, while James and Father Petre slowly walked down the gallery. They were engaged in deep conversation, and did not become aware of the ladies' presence, until they were close upon them.

"Ha! what are you doing here, young mistress?" exclaimed James to Sabine, on perceiving her.

"Her blushes and confusion shew that she has come to meet her lover," said Father Petre, regarding her sharply.

"Her lover!" cried James. "What lover? Young Moor has been banished the palace,

and if he ventures here in defiance of my injunctions, he will peril his head."

"Oh! your majesty!" exclaimed Sabine, in great alarm.

"You have only one way of averting his majesty's displeasure, and that is by revealing whom you came to meet," said Father Petre.

"I will disclose myself," whispered Moor to La Riva, from behind the book-case.

"That won't mend the matter," replied the confidante, aside to him, "so keep still. I will tell your majesty the whole truth," she added, advancing.

"That's right," cried Father Petre.

"We came here to meet Mrs. Venables—that's all," said La Riva.

"Mrs. Venables!" cried the King. "And who in the name of mystery is she?"

"There *is* a mystery about her, your majesty," observed Father Petre. "A per-

son of that name has been in the habit of paying nocturnal visits to the palace, and I am by no means satisfied with the accounts I have received of her."

"Then I will satisfy you at once, father," replied La Riva, pertly. "She is merely a lace merchant—a friend of Mrs. Potter's of the Indian House at the New Exchange."

"Oh! is that all?" cried the King. Well, it turns out to be a very harmless appointment after all—a little contraband, but nothing more. But I must pray you to retire, ladies. I would be alone with Father Petre."

And waving his hand, Sabine and La Riva made profound obeisances and withdrew, not without casting anxious glances towards the book-case.

"We can now pursue our conference without interruption, father," observed the King. "As I have just told you, I am

resolved that the supporters of the rebellious prelates shall share their humiliation, and when the Anglicans are disposed of, we will think of some punishment for the Dissenters."

"Recall the Indulgence you have granted them," rejoined Father Petre, "and shew this heretical people that there is but One Church, and that Church must be supreme. The re-establishment of the Catholic religion by your majesty, will not only hallow your earthly crown, but win you a glorious one in heaven."

"Our blessed Lady guide and prosper my efforts!" exclaimed James, bending reverentially.

"Amen!" exclaimed Father Petre. "Your majesty must so frame your measures that its restoration shall be permanent. In the midst of life we are in death; and as the law now stands, your presumptive heir is the

heretical Princess of Orange. Her accession to the throne would expose the Church to greater persecution than ever."

"But I am in daily hopes that heaven will bless me with a son," observed James.

"Even if the royal infant should prove a daughter, the crown must be that daughter's," said the wily Jesuit.

"It cannot be, while the Princesses Mary and Anne are living," said James. "The order of succession cannot be disturbed."

"Heaven will forgive any means you may use to benefit the true religion," suggested the Jesuit.

James mused a moment—his gaze bent fixedly on the ground. Arousing himself, he grasped Father Petre's arm, and said hurriedly,

"I have something to tell you, father, which concerns my very life. You must receive it under the seal of confession."

But before he could proceed with his disclosure, Moor stepped from behind the book-case.

“ Hold, my liege!” he cried, “ I have thus far been an involuntary auditor of your conference, but whatever risk I may incur, I will not suffer you to proceed further.”

“ Base spy and traitor!” cried Father Petre. “ Are you prying upon his majesty’s secret councils?”

“ How did you gain admission to the palace, sir?” demanded James, sternly.

“ Pardon me, my liege, if I decline answering you,” replied Moor.

“ You have disobeyed my orders, and must bear the punishment,” replied James. “ You are a prisoner. Remain where you are.”

And without further notice of Moor, James withdrew with Father Petre into a recess, and resumed his conference in a low tone.

At this juncture, the door at the opposite end of the gallery was softly opened, and two ladies entered, who, after looking round, and seeing no one (for Moor was screened from view by an intervening pillar), seated themselves on a fauteuil.

“And so there is really a scheme in contemplation to alter the settlement of the crown, in a certain event, my dear Lady Sunderland?” asked one of these persons.

“There is, my dear Mrs. Venables,” replied the other. “I overheard the King and Barillon talking of it; and from what transpired, I am quite certain, that if his majesty is disappointed in his hopes of a son, he will settle the crown of Ireland on the Earl of Tyrconnell, who, since his appointment of lord-lieutenant, has won over to his interest all the Catholic population, and will be supported by France.”

“Is it possible the King can be so besot-

ted?" cried Mrs. Venables. "This exceeds even my opinion of his folly. But look!—Is there not some one behind yon pillar?"

"I will go and see," cried the countess in alarm. And she passed with noiseless footsteps along the darkened side of the gallery, while Mrs. Venables retreated into a recess, and drew the curtains before her.

Scarcely was this done, when the door was again opened by an usher, and the Queen and Lord Sunderland entered.

"You see you were mistaken, my lord," observed Mary, glancing down the gallery. "The King is not here."

"He may be at the other end of the apartment, your majesty," replied Sunderland. "Pray be seated, and I will go in search of him."

Having conducted her to the fauteuil, just vacated by the two ladies, he stepped quickly forward.

After the lapse of a few seconds, all becoming silent, Mrs. Venables peeped from behind the curtain, and seeing the Queen, mistook her in the obscurity for Lady Sunderland.

“I thought I heard the door open,” she said, quitting her hiding place, and moving quickly towards Mary; “but I suppose I was mistaken.”

Though somewhat startled by this sudden apparition, the Queen instantly recovered her composure, and curious to know what it meant, said, in a low tone, “You need not be alarmed.”

“I was afraid it might be the King, or your husband, Lord Sunderland,” pursued Mrs. Venables.

“She takes me for Lady Sunderland,” muttered the Queen. “I’ll humour the jest. Suppose it had been his lordship, what would you have done, madam?”

she added, in the same loud tone as before.

“ Nay, call me Sidney,” cried the other. “ To you, at least, dear Countess, I am not Mrs. Venables.”

“ It ’s the traitor Sidney in disguise,” thought the Queen. “ Here ’s a pretty discovery. But I must try and ascertain the meaning of his secret visits to the palace. You have something else to say than to make love to me?” she added, aloud. “ You want some intelligence which I alone can impart.”

“ Have you anything more to tell me?” asked Sidney, eagerly.

“ What can she have told him?” thought the Queen, puzzled. “ You want me to win over Sunderland, I suppose?” she added, at a venture.

“ Oh, if there were any chance of that?” cried Sidney.

“You think him inflexible,” said the Queen.

“I am sure of it,” replied Sidney. “He is devotedly attached to the Queen.”

“Indeed!” cried Mary, much gratified.

“I could give you a thousand proofs of it,” pursued Sidney, “and I cannot wonder at it, for her majesty seems to inspire unbounded devotion among her attendants, and were it not that—”

“You are already too far advanced, you would return to your allegiance?” said Mary, with a smile.

“No,” rejoined Sidney. “But I was speaking of the Queen. She has the same influence over young Moor that she has over your husband. By the bye, I may tell you that Moor has ventured into the palace to-night to meet Mademoiselle Saint Leu.”

“Imprudent!” exclaimed the Queen. “And has Sabine agreed to meet him?”

“She has,” replied Sidney, with a smile.

“I should not have thought it,” rejoined the Queen, musingly.

“Ha!” exclaimed Sidney, starting up in a very unfeminine manner. “Who is this? We are discovered.”

As he spoke Sunderland and the Countess appeared. They had accidentally met lower down in the gallery, and were returning together. The light of a lamp fell upon the features of Lady Sunderland, and proclaimed to Sidney the mistake he had committed.

“The Countess, yonder!” he exclaimed. “Who, then, are you, madam?”

“I am the Queen,” replied Mary, with dignity; “but be not alarmed. For Lady Sunderland’s sake I will not betray you. But beware how you enter the palace again.”

At this moment Sunderland and the Countess came up. The latter seemed very

uneasy, but was somewhat relieved by the Queen's manner.

“ His majesty will be here anon, madam,” said Sunderland. “ He is coming down the gallery with Father Petre. You have found a companion since I left you.”

“ This is Mrs. Venables, a friend of the Countess’s,” replied the Queen.

“ I was stupid enough to mistake her majesty for the Countess,” said Sidney, vainly endeavouring to hide his confusion.

“ If you make no greater mistake than that, you will readily be forgiven,” said the Queen, graciously.

“ Who is this lady?” asked Sunderland, aside, of the Countess. “ Her features seem familiar to me.”

“ Very likely,” replied Lady Sunderland. “ She is an old friend of mine.”

“ With your majesty’s gracious permission

I will take my leave," said Sidney, trying to sidle off.

"No, no," said the Queen, somewhat maliciously, "since you are here, you shall stop and see the King."

"Your majesty has promised not to betray me," whispered Sidney.

"And I will keep my word," replied the Queen in the same tone; "but you must be punished for your rashness. I command you to stay."

"I have nothing to do but to obey," replied Sidney, almost forgetting himself into a bow.

At this juncture the party was increased by the Count de Lauzun.

"What brings you here, Count?" asked the Queen, as he came up.

"I came in quest of your majesty," replied Lauzun. "I have made a discovery, which is of some importance to you."

“ What is it ? ” inquired the Queen.

“ A traitor is concealed in the palace,” cried Lauzun.

“ Impossible ! ” exclaimed Sunderland.

“ You will find that I speak the truth, my lord,” replied Lauzun ; “ but he will not get out so easily as he got in. The sentinels have all been changed, the password has been altered, and every one will be subject to the strictest investigation before leaving the palace.”

“ An excellent precaution ! ” exclaimed Sunderland.

“ What is to become of me ? ” said Sidney, in a whisper to the Queen.

“ You have a very singular-looking lady with you, madam,” pursued Lauzun, gazing inquiringly at Sidney.

“ Oh, she is well known to me,” interposed Lady Sunderland.

“ It is a man in disguise,” muttered

Lauzun. “A lover of her ladyship’s, I ’ll be sworn.”

“This lady has come to see me,” said the Queen.

“You, madam!” exclaimed Lauzun in surprise.

“She must be subjected to no annoyance as she goes forth,” pursued the Queen; “I will answer for her.”

“As your majesty pleases: but if I might—”

“Silence, Count!” interrupted the Queen, authoritatively. “Here comes the King. Not a word of this story of the concealed traitor to him. It would excite him too strongly. Take such precautions as you may deem necessary, but no more.”

“I will, madam,” replied Lauzun, significantly. “If you do not want your friend to betray himself,” he added, in an under tone, “let him be cautious. Father Petre will detect him at a glance.”

As he spoke the King and the Jesuit advanced towards them, followed by Moor.

“Can that be Charles Moor?” exclaimed Lauzun.

“And a prisoner!” cried Sunderland.

“A prisoner!” echoed Lauzun. “The imprudent young man has ventured into the palace. Let me entreat your majesty to intercede for him,” he added to the Queen.

“On condition of your compliance with my wishes in another respect,” replied Mary.

“Be it so,” said Lauzun. “Let Moor be set at liberty, and I obey you in all things.”

At this moment the King and Father Petre came up.

“Your majesty will have need to keep stricter guard over your attendants,” said James. “This young man has found means to enter the palace, and to speak to one of them without your knowledge or permission.”

“Not without my knowledge or permis-

sion," said the Queen. "If any one is to blame it is myself. Mr. Moor had my authority to enter the palace."

"And Sabine had your permission to meet him, no doubt?" pursued the King.

"She had," replied the Queen.

"Ha! this alters the case. I have been over hasty with the young man, I allowed him no time for explanation."

"It was well for Moor that he did not," said Lauzun, in a whisper to the Queen, "for his statement would scarcely have tallied with your majesty's."

"What say you to this, Count?" said James. "Are you content with what the Queen has done?"

"Perfectly," replied Lauzun.

"Then I have no more to say," said James. "Mr. Moor," he added, to the young man, who had been an astonished auditor of all that had passed, "you are at

liberty. You are much beholden to her majesty."

"I am, indeed," replied Moor, with a look of unbounded gratitude.

"There is some mystery here which I cannot unravel," mentally ejaculated Father Petre. "What lady is this with your majesty?" he added, regarding Sidney earnestly.

"It is Mrs. Venables," interposed Lady Sunderland.

"Mrs. Venables!" exclaimed Father Petre, seizing Sidney's hand, and trying to drag her to a lamp that he might examine her features more closely. "Let me look at her."

"This is very rude treatment of a lady, father," interposed Lauzun. "I must beg of you to quit your hold."

"Is the lady a friend of yours, Count, that you thus interfere?" asked Father Petre.

“ She is,” replied Lauzun. “ I introduced her to the Queen.”

“ You were aware then of her frequent nocturnal visits to the palace?” cried James.

“ Nocturnal visits—has she paid frequent nocturnal visits to you, madam?” cried Lauzun. “ I was not aware of that.”

“ I thought not,” said Father Petre. “ Perhaps you will now permit me to interrogate her further.”

“ On no account,” said the Queen. “ Mrs. Venables, you can quit the palace under the escort of Mr. Charles Moor; and since the object of your visits is at an end, I will bid you farewell.”

“ Is this to be so, my liege?” cried Father Petre.

“ Humph; I suppose so,” replied the King, good-humouredly.

“ Your majesty is duped,” cried the Jesuit, out of all patience.

“ Possibly,” replied the King; “ but it is my foible to be duped by women.”

Meantime, Sidney had taken advantage of the Queen’s permission to depart, and with a well executed obeisance to the Queen, passed out of the picture gallery, attended by Moor, and secretly congratulated himself on his narrow escape.

VII.

THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOPS.

So intense was the popular excitement upon the committal of the bishops, that day after day multitudes derived a melancholy satisfaction from merely gazing on the gloomy towers of their prison, while many of the chief nobility repaired to them, tendering them homage and advice. Pemberton, Holt, and Pollexfen, three of the ablest lawyers of the day, were engaged as their counsel, together with Finch, and the

afterwards celebrated John Somers. In short, the whole Protestant community united in a determination to espouse their cause.

On the 15th of June, the first day of term, the bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench by writ of *habeas corpus*. Their progress to Westminster Hall presented throughout a sublime and triumphant spectacle. Multitudes lined the banks of the river, and, as the barge passed by, uncovered themselves, fell on their knees, and greeted the reverend captives with prayers and tears. On landing at Westminster stairs they were received by a dense mass of spectators, who knelt down as they approached, and craved their blessing. When they had passed, these crowds followed them slowly and respectfully. An eye-witness of the scene, Count D'Adda, describes it with warmth in a letter to the

Pope. “Of the immense concourse of people,” he writes, “who received them on the bank of the river, the majority in their immediate neighbourhood were on their knees; the Archbishop laid his hands on such of them as he could reach, exhorting them to continue steadfast in their faith. They cried aloud that all should kneel, while tears flowed from the eyes of many.”

Twenty-nine peers received them at the door of the hall, and attended them to the bar. The judges on the bench were Wright, Powell, Allibone, and Halloway, all of whom, with the exception of Powell, were mere creatures of the King. Powis and Williams, the attorney and solicitor-general, were charged with the prosecution.

The proceedings were opened by Powis, who accused the bishops of composing and publishing a seditious libel, under pretence of a humble petition to his majesty. The bishops

pleaded not guilty, and were enlarged on their own undertaking to appear at their trial, which was fixed for the 29th of June.

Thus far the King had triumphed. He had successfully vindicated his prerogative, and the more sagacious of his ministers advised him not to pursue the contest further. Sunderland urged him to shew generosity towards them, and, strange to say, he was supported in this advice by the papal nuncio, and even by the Pope himself; but Father Petre and Barillon confirmed the King in his original resolution, and he ordered the prosecution to proceed.

On the morning of the 29th of June the bishops again appeared in Westminster Hall. The court was thronged with the noblest of the realm; a dense crowd filled every part of Old Palace-yard; and the neighbouring streets were rendered impassable by the assembled multitudes.

The vast concourse awaited the commencement of the proceedings in profound silence. Every countenance was marked with sympathy for the bishops, every eye sought the dock where they stood; their pale but calm countenances harmonizing well with the occasion, while the grave faces of the counsellors beneath, the settled, attentive looks of the jury, and the stern deportment of the judges, with the variety and magnificence of the official costumes, and the profound attention of the audience, formed altogether a spectacle at once solemn and imposing.

After a brief interval, the silence was broken by the attorney-general, who, in a low voice,—which, however, was heard in every part of the hall—called the attention of the judges to the libellous character of the bishops' petition, and then summoned Blathwaite, the clerk of the privy-

council, to prove its presentation to the King.

Blathwaite stepped forward with reluctance, and quailed on finding himself the object of universal attention.

“By whom was this petition presented?” asked the attorney-general.

“By the Bishop of St. Asaph,” replied Blathwaite, tremulously.

“At what time and place?” returned Judge Wright.

“I object to his answering, my lord,” cried Pemberton, on the part of the bishops; “he is telling us what he heard, not what he saw.”

Loud hisses broke from the audience.

“Silence!” thundered Judge Wright, who imitated the violence of Jeffreys, without possessing his ability. “You are trying to raise a disturbance in the court, Mr. Counsellor. You shall not deprive the

crown of the advantage of this witness's evidence."

" If the defendants are to be convicted on hearsay, my lord, I will throw up my brief," replied Pemberton, firmly.

A hearty cheer, which could not be checked, rang through the court.

" My lord, I withdraw the witness," said Williams, in a low voice. " I will prove the presentation of the petition by the evidence of a person of the highest rank, no less than the Earl of Sunderland. Let his lordship be called."

The crier obeyed, amidst a profound silence. No one answered the summons, and he repeated it twice with a like result, when irrepressible acclamations broke from the excited audience.

" Messengers have been despatched for the Earl of Sunderland in every direction, my lord," Williams then said. " Mean-

while, I will call another witness, Mr. Secretary Pepys."

A stout, middle-sized man, with a frank and prepossessing countenance, though now overcast with anxiety, answered to the call. Pepys was warmly attached to James, who, from his first entrance into public life, had been his steadfast friend and protector; but, at the same time, he was thoroughly devoted to the Church.

" You are acquainted with the handwriting of the Archbishop of Canterbury ? " said Williams.

Pepys answered in the affirmative, and Williams produced the petition.

" What say you to this, sir ? Is it the handwriting of his grace ? "

Pepys hesitated. As he continued silent, the audience gave utterance to a cheer, which was instantly checked.

“ Why don’t you answer, sir ? ” cried Judge Wright, furiously.

“ I am sorry to say it *is* the Archbishop’s handwriting, my lord,” faltered Pepys.

“ Enough,” exclaimed Judge Wright; “ you have proved the handwriting. Mr. Attorney, I shall now sum up the proceedings.”

“ A moment, my lord,” said Powis; “ let the Earl of Sunderland be again called.”

“ Robert, Earl of Sunderland, come into court,” shouted the crier.

There was a brief pause. The silence was profound, and scarcely a breath was drawn by the vast and anxious crowd. At this juncture Sunderland appeared.

As he advanced, his faltering step, pale countenance, and downcast looks were noticed by all. Anxious to avoid implication in the proceedings against the bishops, which had been undertaken in opposition to

his advice, Sunderland had purposely kept out of the way, when he received an urgent message from the Queen imploring him to support the prosecution. From the moment of his appearance, the friends of the bishops abandoned all hope of an acquittal.

“ You were a witness to the presentation of this petition, my lord ? ” said Judge Wright, undaunted by the minister’s disorder.

“ It was brought to me by six of the defendants, with a request that I would present it to his majesty,” replied Sunderland.

“ Did you comply with their request ? ”

“ No,” answered Sunderland, “ but I introduced their lordships to the King, and they presented it themselves.”

“ Do the counsel for the defence desire to examine the witness ? ” asked Judge Wright.

Somers here arose. A feeling of disappointment spread among the audience when

they became aware that the defence of the vererable prisoners rested with so young and obscure an advocate.

“I have no questions to put to the witness, my lord,” said Somers. “I acknowledge that my clients were the authors and publishers of this petition.”

Loud murmurs arose from the tumultuous audience. Even the bishops themselves looked disconcerted.

“You hear that!” cried Judge Wright, to the jury: “the counsel for the defence admits that the crown has proved its case.”

“I make no such admission, my lord,” cried Somers, in a voice of thunder. “I even deny the right of the crown to institute this prosecution. I appeal for my clients from the tyranny of the government to the justice of the law.”

Rarely had such bold words been uttered in Westminster Hall. The judges frowned,

while the audience, so lately a prey to disappointment, brightened with hope, and greeted the speaker with applause.

Silence being restored, Somers continued his speech. Leaving quite out of the question the conduct of the bishops, he directed his arguments against that of the government, proving, by a masterly review of the laws, that the power claimed by James, of suspending acts of parliament, as in the instance of the Declaration of Indulgence, was at variance with the very spirit of the English constitution, which could exist only on the united authority of the king, the lords, and the commons, and concluded by an eloquent and impassioned appeal to the jury, beseeching them, as Englishmen, to assert and establish this righteous principle, by awarding the bishops a verdict of acquittal.

Loud and renewed plaudits rang through

the hall as Somers sat down. The law-officers of the King in vain endeavoured to combat his reasoning; the judges, themselves, in their respective charges to the jury, failed to refute his arguments; and the upright and impartial Powell even pronounced an opinion in their favour.

The jury having retired, the audience awaited the verdict in agonizing suspense. Meanwhile, every one discussed the speeches of the counsel, in whispers, with his neighbour. The multitudes without were informed of the progress of the trial, and debated among themselves the probable result. From all rose a deep, unceasing hum, which rolled through the lofty court like muttered thunder.

At length it became known that the jury could not agree on a verdict, and the court was adjourned to the following day. When the judges arose, it was with the utmost

difficulty that the officers could clear the court. The crowd without hourly increased, and though no longer expecting a verdict, completely blocked up the avenues to the hall. Throughout the whole night, large mobs paraded the streets, shouting, but committing no acts of violence, and the first dawn found Palace-yard thronged densely as before.

At ten o'clock the bishops entered the court. The judges having mounted the bench, a solemn stillness pervaded the vast assemblage. The usual preliminaries being gone through, the crier summoned the jury to appear.

The excitement of the audience now became intense. The bishops maintained their composure, but their judges looked agitated.

“Are you agreed on your verdict, gentlemen?” asked Judge Wright of the foreman, Sir Roger Langly.

“ Unanimously, my lord,” replied Sir Roger.

“ I am glad of it,” returned Williams. “ How say you then, are the prisoners at the bar guilty or not guilty?”

“ Not guilty, my lord,” replied Sir Roger, amid the hushing silence of the assemblage.

“ NOT GUILTY!” echoed a thousand voices in the hall: “ not guilty!” repeated ten thousand without, and then such a cheer arose, that the old and massive roof of Westminster hall seemed to crack.

The huzzas of the multitude passed with electrical rapidity through the city, and were caught up and renewed in every direction, producing, as has been aptly described, “ a very rebellion in noise.” They reached the Temple in a few minutes, and in a short time resounded in the camp at Hounslow, where they were heard by James, who was

holding a consultation with the principal officers, and who angrily asked the meaning of the clamour. Being told by a bystander that "it was nothing but the soldiers shouting for the acquittal of the bishops," he answered gravely, "Do you call that nothing?" Yet with these ominous acclamations ringing in his ears, he persisted in the obnoxious policy which they condemned, and, returning to town, his first act was to degrade and insult the bench of justice. Judge Powell was dismissed for his honesty and independence, and the gross partiality of Wright was rewarded with a baronetcy.

Meanwhile, the people received the jury with the loudest plaudits, hailing them with tears in their eyes as their deliverers. In the evening, bonfires were lighted throughout all the streets, spread through the city,

and even under the windows of Whitehall, where the Pope was burned in effigy, while the bystanders, amidst the ringing of bells, and with shouts of joy and triumph, drank confusion to the papists. Count D'Adda, who had strenuously opposed the prosecution of the bishops, and had been moved to pity by the first display of popular feeling, now viewing these wild excesses with alarm, declared in a letter to the Pope, “that the fires over the whole city, the drinking in every street, accompanied by cries to the health of the bishops, and confusion to the Catholics, with the play of fireworks, and the discharge of fire-arms, and the other demonstrations of furious gladness, mixed with impious outrage against religion, formed a scene of unspeakable horror, displaying, in all its rancour, the malignity of this heretical people against

the Church." The rejoicings were kept up through the whole of the night; but the following day being Sunday, the mob dispersed at the approach of morning, and the streets resumed their wonted tranquillity.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK THE THIRD.



THE CONSPIRACY.

I.

THE MEETING AT MRS. POTTER'S.

THE latent animosity of the people to the Church of Rome was now fairly excited, and every suspicion which jealousy or zeal could fix on the papists, from the King downwards, was received by all with greedy credulity. It was at this inauspicious moment that the Queen gave birth to a son, and the rumour before referred to, that she was imposing a supposititious child on the

nation, was so universally believed, that whoever ventured to regard it with doubt was openly denounced as a concealed papist, and an enemy of his country.

On Saturday, the 9th of June, the Queen suddenly removed with the court from Whitehall to St. James's. As the latter palace had been prepared very hastily for her reception, a warming-pan was used to air the royal couch, and on this trivial circumstance the partizans of the Protestant succession founded their story of a fictitious birth. Pasquinades on the subject were fixed to dead walls during the night, and Partridge, in his "Predictions," printed at the Hague, boldly asserted that a spurious child had been "topped on the lawful heirs, to cheat them out of their estate."

"The stories," says Ralph, "were neither over-decent, well-bred, nor charitable." They were, moreover, as absurd and con-

tradictory as they were disgusting, and it would be idle to adduce the various and unanswerable arguments by which they are refuted. The prince was born on Trinity Sunday, the 10th of June, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in the presence of forty-two persons, eighteen of whom were members of the Council, and the remainder ladies of rank; and by the command of James, the depositions of these witnesses were taken down, and are still preserved in the council office. Dr. Chamberlain, a noted Whig, who had been oppressed by the King, and who was suspected of being a secret adherent of the Prince of Orange, was engaged as the Queen's medical attendant, and would have been the last person in the world to countenance the alleged imposture. Mrs. Dawson, another attendant on the Queen, who was actually in the pay of Sidney, solemnly made oath that a child was born.

Dryden commemorated the royal infant's birth in noble verse—

Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt ;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.

But the false opinion sank deeper and deeper in the public mind, and acquired confirmation from the infatuated bigotry of James. When the popular excitement was at its height, the infant prince was baptized, with extraordinary pomp and magnificence, according to the rites of the Romish church, the papal nuncio being his sponsor, as proxy for the Pope; and this ill-timed proceeding served to provoke still further the growing discontent of the people.

At this critical juncture the leaders of the Protestant interest began to canvass more openly the propriety of calling for assistance from the Prince of Orange. Ever on

the alert, Colonel Sidney gained early intelligence of their disaffection, and lost not a moment in moulding it to his designs.

One night in July, just as it was becoming dark, two horsemen rode out of the avenue of Nottingham House, Kensington (subsequently enlarged, and raised to the dignity of a palace), and shaped their course towards London. The taller of the two was Charles Moor, and his companion was the Earl of Nottingham, described by Mackay, a political opponent, as “a mighty champion of the church, his habit and manner very formal—a tall, thin, very dark man, like a Spaniard or Jew.” Nottingham wore a broad-leaved hat, and a capacious riding-cloak, both of which, in conjunction with the darkness, served to shield him from recognition.

“I go to this meeting with great reluctance,” remarked Nottingham. “It is the

first time I have been a party to a secret opposition. Legal resistance to power should ever court observation."

"True," rejoined Moor. "When we have concerted our plans, we will avow them; and I hope that their moderate and patriotic character, and the support they will undoubtedly receive from the nation, will have the effect of changing the intentions of our rulers."

"If this be all that Sidney seeks, I will be his hearty supporter," returned Nottingham. "But I confess I doubt him. He is seeking rather to form a conspiracy than to organize an opposition. But time presses. Let us on."

Urging their horses forward, they proceeded through Knightsbridge, to Charing-cross, whence they passed up the Strand, to the New Exchange.

This was a pile of some pretensions, sur-

rounding a paved court, on the site formerly occupied by Salisbury House. A colonnade ran round the area, from the tiled roof of which swung the signs of the shops behind, principally occupied by sempstresses, milliners, and mercers. The structure had originally been erected by the Earl of Salisbury, in 1608, when it was opened with great pomp and ceremony, by James the First and his Queen, who gave it the name of "The New Bourse of Britain." It was afterwards partly rebuilt by the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; and lastly, some years later than the date of this history, the estate was purchased by four brothers, who pulled down the Exchange, and raised on its site the buildings now called, from the circumstance of its erection, the Adelphi.

Leaving their horses at a neighbouring inn, called the "Maypole," Moor and Not-

tingham proceeded on foot to the New Exchange, and, entering the area, bent their steps to a large old-fashioned house, in its furthermost angle. This was Mrs. Potter's, who kept what was called an "Indian House," a mart unknown to more modern times, but of which some notion may be formed from a description in Lady Mary Montague's "Town Eclogue" of "The Toilette."

Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range,
Through Indian shops, to Motteux's or the 'Change;
Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes, in China's azure dyed :
There careless lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold.
But then, alas ! I must be forced to pay,
And bring no penn'orths—not a fan away.

Ribands, head-dresses, tea, and perfumes, with many other articles of luxury and the toilet, were also vended at these emporiums

and the lighter wares were frequently disposed of by means of raffles. They were, likewise, used as places of rendezvous by fashionable loungers; and Colley Cibber, in his comedy of "The Provoked Husband," takes Lady Townley on "a flying jaunt to an Indian house."

Knocking at a private door, Nottingham and Moor were instantly admitted, and conducted to an upper chamber, where they found Sidney awaiting them.

"Our friends are all assembled in the adjoining room," he said; "I will secure this door, and we will join them."

This done, he led them to an inner room, where they found a party of twelve persons, consisting of the Earls of Devonshire, Shrewsbury, and Danby; Lords Halifax, Mordaunt, and Lumley; Admirals Herbert and Russell; the Bishop of London; and Johnston, Speke, and Van Citters.

Nottingham was warmly welcomed, and as soon as he and Moor were seated, Sidney commenced:—

“ We have met for a great and holy purpose, my lord,” he said, addressing Nottingham; “the preservation of our religion, and the redemption of our country. But our rulers are vigilant, treacherous, and powerful, and it is necessary that you should pledge yourself to inviolable secrecy.”

“ I doubt if this be lawful,” replied Nottingham.

“ Your word of honour will suffice, my lord,” said Herbert.

“ Pledge yourself, my lord,” suggested Halifax, in an under tone. “ It will commit us only to secrecy, not to action.”

“ Well, I pledge my word of honour to divulge nothing,” said Nottingham, after a moment’s reflection.

Moor next pledged himself to secrecy,

after which, Herbert, who had been previously instructed by Sidney, spoke on the subject of their grievances. "These," he said, "involved two great principles—freedom of person, and freedom of conscience. The King now menaced both their civil and religious liberty. Avowedly a Papist, he had baptized his heir in the Church of Rome, and assumed the power of an absolute monarch. Under these circumstances, it became necessary to compel him to call a parliament, in which efficient measures could be taken for the preservation of their liberty and religion."

The speaker commanded profound attention; and Moor, who had no suspicion that his words were put forward only to mask his designs, was delighted with his moderate and constitutional views.

"You see, it is as I told you, my lord," he whispered to Nottingham.

“I am glad of it,” replied Nottingham.
“I will cheerfully second your patriotic efforts, Admiral Herbert,” he added.

“And I also, as far as the King is concerned,” cried Lord Mordaunt. “As for his reputed heir, I do not acknowledge him.”

“He is a base-born cheat,” cried Lumley.

“The matter will be fully investigated,” interposed Nottingham. “Let us now consider only how we are to obtain a parliament.”

“You may as well consider how to raise an army,” said Lord Halifax, with a sneer. “The King will never consent to call a parliament.”

“We will force him to call one,” cried Lord Devonshire, impatiently. “Do not you agree with me, Shrewsbury?”

The personage addressed, though apprised of the whole design of the conspirators,

turned pale at the idea of resorting to force. Like James the First, Shrewsbury was timidous, from the circumstance of his parentage —his father having been killed in a duel by the profligate Duke of Buckingham, while his mother, attired as a page, stood by, holding Buckingham's horse.

“Why not call in a mediator?” he said: “that seems the proper course.”

“Whom do you refer to, my lord?” asked Nottingham, sternly.

“I will reply to your question by another,” replied Shrewsbury. “Before I abjured the errors of Rome, the law required me to swear that I would always defend the crown in the Protestant succession. Is not this principle the very life of the constitution?”

“Why, yes,” answered Nottingham.

“When the succession is diverted to Papists, then, who so fit to interfere as the

next Protestant heir?" resumed Shrewsbury. "In short, I propose that we should call in the Prince of Orange."

"You mean, of course, only for the purpose of obtaining a free parliament?" suggested Sidney.

"Of course," answered Shrewsbury.

"I will never assent to such a proposition," cried Nottingham. "It means nothing less than rebellion."

"You must retract that expression, my lord," exclaimed Herbert, laying his hand on his sword.

"I have no inclination to quarrel," replied Nottingham, calmly. "I would cheerfully support you in a constitutional resistance to the King, but the design you contemplate is of another character, and I not only decline to countenance it, but will do my utmost to frustrate it."

And he arose, and moved towards the

door, when Lord Mordaunt planted himself before him, exclaiming,

“ You do not quit us thus, my lord.”

“ Having gone thus far, you cannot now retract,” observed Admiral Russell.

“ I am with you, my lord,” cried Moor to Nottingham, at the same time drawing his sword; “ we can force our way out.”

“ Hold, gentlemen,” interposed Sidney. “ Lord Nottingham and Mr. Moor are free to depart. They have pledged themselves to secrecy.”

“ They shall be silenced more effectually,” muttered Lord Mordaunt, stepping aside.

Finding the way open, Nottingham and Moor quitted the house together.

“ I can now breathe freely,” said Nottingham, as they gained the area of the New Exchange. “ This is, indeed, a formidable conspiracy.”

“ Hush! we are watched,” replied Moor.

And he darted to a neighbouring alley, into which, as he spoke, the figure of a man was observed retreating.

The stranger had retired but a few paces when Moor came up with him.

“Mr. Saint Leu,” exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

“What! Mr. Moor! have you joined the conspiracy then?” replied Saint Leu. “Nay, do not doubt me; I know the purpose of the meeting here, as you will believe when I tell you I am waiting for Colonel Sidney. But our encounter is fortunate. Meet me about this time to-morrow night, at Charing-cross, and I will put you in the way of an adventure.”

“Of what nature?” asked Moor.

“You will learn then,” replied Saint Leu.
“Farewell.”

And he ran down the alley, while Moor rejoined Nottingham, and they hastened

together to the Maypole, where they had left their horses.

Impatient to proceed, Moor hurried to the stable himself, while Nottingham walked slowly on. After a short interval, as Moor did not come forth, Nottingham returned to the inn and inquired for him. To his surprise he found that Moor had disappeared.

“Where is he gone?” he demanded of the ostler.

The ostler was unable to inform him.

“Tell him to follow me,” replied Nottingham.

And mounting his horse he rode off.

When Nottingham and Moor withdrew from the meeting, a profound silence ensued. This was broken at last by Halifax.

“There is no use in remaining here,” he said. “We must think of what is to be done, and defer proceeding till we meet again.”

So saying, he arose and quitted the room, muttering as he departed :

“ Nottingham will probably betray them. Shall I forestall him with the King ? I will think of it.”

Meanwhile, the other confederates continued to dwell on the defection of Nottingham.

“ I was against trusting him,” said Herbert. “ I felt assured he would not join us.”

“ I should be the last to counsel flight, but we must remember that Nottingham holds our lives in his hands,” observed Admiral Russell.

“ He will not betray us,” exclaimed Sidney.

“ I will trust my life in no man’s keeping,” cried Lord Mordaunt ; “ Nottingham must be silenced.”

“ This must not be,” cried Sidney. “ I

would sooner lose my head than consent to his assassination."

Lord Shrewsbury also expressed his abhorrence of the project.

"Well, take your own course, my lords," answered Mordaunt. "Before we meet again you will have reason to regret your forbearance. I wish you good-night."

"Russell and I will attend you, my lord," cried Herbert.

And they followed Mordaunt from the house.

Arrived in the area without, Mordaunt said quickly,

"We must follow this fool Nottingham, and secure his silence with a bullet."

"Why not defer it for a day or two, and meanwhile keep a strict watch over him," returned Russell, hesitatingly.

"If done at all it must be done at once," said Herbert.

“We lose time,” cried Mordaunt. “Our horses are at the Maypole: we can soon overtake him, and then our fate will be in our own hands.”

“I am with you,” replied Herbert.

“And I,” said Russell, “though I hope, by persuading him to join us, to avoid the necessity of bloodshed.”

Passing onward they approached the Maypole, when they perceived Nottingham walking down the street.

“He is waiting for his horse,” said Mordaunt. “But where is Moor?”

“In the stable, no doubt,” replied Herbert. “We can easily secure him there.”

So saying they entered the tavern, which derived its name from a neighbouring maypole, 134 feet high, erected, says a rare tract called “The City’s Loyalty Displayed,” “upon the cost of the parishioners, and with the gracious consent of his sacred

majesty, with the illustrious Prince the Duke of York," on the first May-day after the Restoration. The maypole was annually decorated with garlands and streamers on the first of May, when crowds of revelers of both sexes danced around it, to the good old music of the pipe and tabor. On ordinary occasions it was garnished with three lanterns, which, we learn from the afore-mentioned authority, "were to give light on dark nights," a purpose which they very imperfectly fulfilled.

Situated immediately opposite to the maypole, and contiguous to the New Exchange, the tavern was a place of general resort, and its accommodations were proportionately extensive. In addition to numerous parlours, it possessed the advantages of a bowling-green and a racket-court, and in these varied attractions promised to favour Herbert's design.

While the three conspirators were conversing on the outside of the tavern, Moor was, as Herbert had conjectured, in the stable, urging the ostler to despatch. The horses were soon in readiness, and Moor was following them across the yard, when a voice called to him from behind. Turning round, he observed a man in a neighbouring gateway, who beckoned him to approach.

“What do you seek?” asked Moor.

“I have something important to say to you,” answered the other in a feigned voice.
“Follow me to the racket-court.”

So saying, he disappeared through the gateway.

Moor hesitated a moment, but eventually followed him across the bowling-green to the racket-court, the door of which stood open.

The racket-court was very dark, and Moor was looking round for the stran-

ger, when the door behind him was shut, and secured on the other side, and he instantly became aware that he was entrapped, though by whom, or for what purpose, he could not conjecture. After vainly endeavouring to force open the door, he sought to alarm the neighbourhood by outcries, but without effect. He then passed hastily round the court, in the hope of finding some other means of exit; but though he scanned the wall on every side, his search was fruitless, and he returned, disappointed, to the door.

No other resource presenting itself, he again shouted aloud, when he heard a hasty footstep approaching, and the next moment the door was flung open, and Saint Leu appeared at it.

“Thank Heaven, I have found you!” cried Saint Leu. “You may yet be in time to save him.”

“Save whom?” cried Moor, “Lord Nottingham?”

“Ay, I overheard three of them planning his assassination,” rejoined Saint Leu.

“They have followed him, intending to effect their purpose in a lonely part of the road near Knightsbridge.”

Uttering a passionate exclamation, Moor hastened to the stable-yard, and vaulting upon his horse, galloped furiously down the street.

Meanwhile, Nottingham had advanced some distance on the road to Kensington. He proceeded at a moderate pace, thinking that Moor might overtake him, and having no apprehension of danger.

Passing Knightsbridge, he had just reached a part of the road then entirely unbuilt upon, when he heard a trampling behind him, and, turning round, he espied three horsemen approaching him at full gal-

lop. But as he did not suppose they were in pursuit of him, he did not increase his speed, and they quickly came up with him.

“I am glad we have overtaken you,” cried Lord Mordaunt.

“Ha!” cried Nottingham, reining up. “Herbert and Russell, too! What is the meaning of this?”

“Simply that your lordship has our secret,” returned Mordaunt, presenting a pistol at his head. “Swear to join us or you are a dead man.”

“Do not compel us to be your executioners, Nottingham,” said Russell.

“Say rather my assassins,” replied Nottingham. “I have already told you I have never yet been a traitor, and the fear of death shall not make me one.”

“Die then, fool!” cried Mordaunt.

But ere he could pull the trigger the

pistol was dashed from his hand by Moor, who had suddenly galloped up and seized Mordaunt by the throat.

“Stab him, Russell,” vociferated Mordaunt.

“You must defend yourself,” answered Russell, sullenly.

While this was passing another horseman rode up, who proved to be Sidney.

“I am in time, then, to prevent bloodshed,” he cried. “Nottingham, I am glad to see you safe. You cannot more deeply injure our cause, or offend the Prince, than by acting thus,” he added to the others. “Proceed, Lord Nottingham. I will escort you home.”

Herbert and Mordaunt turned moodily away, but Russell addressed himself to Nottingham.

“I ask your pardon, my lord, for the share I have had in this transaction,” he said. “I

was in hopes of forcing you to join us; but I would not have suffered them to injure you."

Nottingham made no answer.

"I call Heaven to witness, that I seek only the preservation of the Church, and the good of my country," pursued Russell, and turning his horse's head he hastened after his companions.

Accompanied by Sidney and Moor, Nottingham resumed his progress homeward. The distance was short, but occupied them sufficiently long to admit of explanation. As they came in sight of Nottingham House, Sidney took his leave and returned towards town.

II.

HOW THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND CONFORMED
TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

“THIS constant opposition of Lord Sunderland is intolerable,” observed Father Petre, as he and Barillon were closeted one evening with the King. “I wonder your majesty bears it so submissively. Never was it more necessary than in our case for a sovereign to remind his ministers of the somewhat trite maxim, that ‘union is strength.’”

“If you all made it a rule to agree with

me in opinion," rejoined James, drily, "you would rather be flatterers than counsellors. Your reverence recollects, perhaps, the instance of Canute and his courtiers."

"I am no flatterer, my liege," replied Father Petre, somewhat piqued ; "but though I may sometimes venture to differ from you, I should think I very imperfectly discharged my duty by cavilling at all your projects, especially when, as in the present instance, there can be no question as to their necessity and propriety."

"Sunderland is too cautious by half," muttered Barillon.

"Some people say it would be well for me if there were a greater leaven of caution in my council," said James, sharply. "Many good Catholics warn me that I am moving too fast."

"Such is not the opinion of your majesty's most approved friend and brother, my

august sovereign," returned Barillon. " He applauds your pious schemes, and urges you to prosecute them with unremitting vigour. But your majesty can scarcely expect that measures which have for their aim the welfare of the Catholic faith will have the support of a heretic."

" Sunderland will not favour our religion, certainly," said James, in a musing tone. " I cannot trust him on that point. Yet it is strange the countenance he receives from Catholics—even from the Pope himself."

" His Holiness is more of a politician than a Churchman," said Barillon. " But Sunderland will be found a traitor to all. Has not the Countess been discovered in correspondence with the Prince of Orange?"

" The woman who would be faithless to her husband may well be faithless to her King," observed James, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

Sunderland sits very easily under the imputation," pursued Barillon, with a sneer. " But a sense of your majesty's peril compels me to speak boldly. You must hear the undisguised and unpalatable truth. Hesitation and dissension in your councils will endanger your throne."

" Your excellency shall hear the truth from me in return, rejoined James. " I believe I shall lose my throne in the attempt, but even at that hazard I am determined to re-establish the religion of Rome."

" You will find the most formidable opponent of your design in your own cabinet, my liege," said Father Petre. " Your excellency will, perhaps, acquaint his majesty with what Lord Sunderland told you this morning," he added to Barillon.

" Speak out fearlessly," said James, as the ambassador pretended to hesitate.

" After inveighing warmly against the

unjustifiable (as he termed it) prosecution of the bishops," said Barillon, "his lordship expressed his determination to resist in future every measure calculated to be detrimental to the established Church of this country."

"Ha! did he so?" exclaimed James, with a sudden explosion of passion. "Then I will soon teach him another lesson. I will strip him of his honours and appointments. To-morrow shall witness his dismissal."

"Why not to-night?" suggested Father Petre. "He is now closeted with the Queen, endeavouring to bring her over to his views. Will your majesty authorize me to inform him of your intention?"

"I will do it myself," rejoined James, sternly. "I will spare him nothing of his merited punishment. Come with me, and witness his disgrace."

And rising, he hastily quitted the closet, followed by the Jesuit and Barillon.

About an hour previous to the interview above narrated, Sunderland had sought a private conference with the Queen, in her cabinet.

“Your majesty will believe that I would not seek you at this hour if my business permitted delay,” he said. “I find that my enemies in the council, aided by the French ambassador, are prevailing against me. You, madam, I am well aware, are pleased to entertain a favourable opinion of me, and on some points I should feel assured, also, of the countenance of the King. But there is one question on which I am opposed to him, and my opponents will undoubtedly avail themselves of it to effect my dismissal.”

“I understand your allusion, my lord,” replied Mary. “Alas! since you oppose the re-establishment of the Catholic Church, you deprive me of the power of assisting you.”

“ But suppose I should incontestably prove myself a friend of your religion, instead of its enemy,” said Sunderland: “ what would your majesty say then?”

“ How can you prove it, my lord?” demanded Mary. “ No heretic—forgive me for applying such a term to you—can be a real friend of our religion.”

“ Your majesty is now a mother,” rejoined Sunderland. “ Not only is the throne of your consort, but the birthright of your royal son, risked by this contest, and I solemnly warn you that any attempt to subvert the established Church of England will result in the downfall of your line. It is this conviction that induces me to oppose the King’s wishes, although, I repeat, I am eager to support the Catholic religion. In proof of my sincerity, if you will order your chaplain to be in attendance to-morrow morn-

ing, he shall witness my conformity to the religion of Rome."

"Ah! that, indeed, would be a proof of your sincerity, my lord," cried Mary, joyfully. "Who has been the happy instrument of your conversion?"

"Your majesty," replied Sunderland, with an air of deep conviction. "The arguments you have used have sunk deeply into my heart, and have satisfied me that the religion of Rome is the only true faith."

"Heaven keep you in that belief, my lord," cried Mary, extending her hand to him, which he pressed respectfully to his lips. "But why defer the execution of your pious project till to-morrow? The Père d'Orleans shall attend you instantly in my private chapel."

"I am as eager for my reconciliation with your church as your majesty can be for it." returned Sunderland.

“Remain here, then, my lord, and I will summon you as soon as all is in readiness.” rejoined Mary.

And quitting the room, she left the wily minister to reflect upon the extraordinary step he was about to take. In a short time a page entered, and informing him the Queen awaited him in the private chapel, he immediately repaired thither.

Attended by Father Petre and Barillon, James proceeded to the Queen’s apartments, and, on the way, crossed a side passage leading to the private chapel. To his surprise, he heard the voices of the choristers chanting high mass, and, summoning an usher stationed at the door, he asked the meaning of this unusual service, and was informed that it was the ceremonial of the admission of a neophyte to the Church of Rome, but who the convert was the man could not say, except that he was a personage of exalted rank.

“ You see, father, that our religion is making progress,” said the King, with a gratified smile. “ Who can the noble convert be ? ”

“ I hope not a time-server and a hypocrite,” cried Father Petre, a sudden suspicion of the truth crossing his mind.

As he spoke, the folding doors were thrown open, disclosing the interior of the chapel, blazing with light, and fragrant with incense, while before the altar, which was decorated with the sacred utensils, knelt the convert. On one side of him stood the Queen, and on the other, the Père d’Orleans, in his full robes, and in the act of pronouncing a solemn benediction. At this moment the organ burst forth into a full peal, and the neophyte arising to receive the priest’s embrace, disclosed the features of Sunderland. The ceremony over, the group descended from the altar, and James, who

was filled with astonishment, advanced to meet them.

“Can I trust the evidence of my senses, my lord?” he said to Sunderland. “Have you, indeed, renounced your errors, and conformed to the true religion?”

“He has, my liege,” replied Mary. “And after this, you cannot doubt the zeal and sincerity of your minister.”

“It were impossible,” replied James. “I came here to upbraid him, and, perhaps, dismiss him, but I will now load him with higher honours.”

Father Petre and Barillon exchanged glances of anger and mortification, while James, passing his arm affectionately over Sunderland’s shoulder, and taking the Queen’s hand in his own, led the way towards the private apartments.

III

LADY PLACE.

LADY PLACE, near Hurley, in Berkshire, a large pile of red brick, boasting little architectural beauty, but embosomed in a grove of noble trees, was erected in the reign of Elizabeth, by Richard Lovelace, a soldier of fortune, on the ruins of an ancient monastery, some remains of which were preserved in the western wing, and in the vaults of the mansion. An avenue of fine elms led to the hall, which, though situated

on a gentle eminence, about a quarter of a mile distant from the Thames, and overlooking a wide range of country, was extremely secluded.

At the period of this history, Lady Place was the seat of Lord Lovelace, an active partisan of the Protestant interest, who had long been regarded with suspicion by James's government.

In a vast subterranean vault beneath the great hall, which, from its size, and the remarkable landscape frescoes (attributed even to Salvator Rosa) with which it was adorned, gave a singular character to the interior of the mansion, were one night assembled, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire and Danby; and Lords Lumley and Lovelace ; with Admiral Russell, Colonel Sidney, and the Bishop of London.

The vault was approached by more than one secret entrance, and a single lamp shed

a feeble light around it, leaving the greater part in obscurity, though here and there a niche might be distinguished, which had once been occupied by a coffin—the chamber having been used as a place of sepulture by the holy brotherhood who once inhabited the monastery of Hurley. The walls, and arched and groined roof, were blackened with age, and a damp mouldy odour pervaded the atmosphere. In the centre was an oaken table, at which sat Sidney, holding in his hand a parchment, which he had just read aloud to the assemblage.

“Now, my lords,” he concluded, “we must have no further hesitation. If you really desire the assistance of the Prince of Orange, you must sign this requisition to him.”

“The tyrant must be deposed!” cried Lord Lovelace.

“Hush! hush!” exclaimed Shrewsbury, timidly glancing around to see that no one

was hovering about in the gloom. “ This invitation will endanger our heads.”

“ What is more, it leaves us entirely at the Prince of Orange’s mercy,” observed Danby. “ I am not an advocate for deposing the King, and we ought to stipulate that the Prince should have no power to interfere in our affairs, except under certain restrictions.”

“ By imposing conditions, my lord, you will prevent his coming over at all,” said Sidney.

“ Well, then,” replied Shrewsbury, with an uneasy look, “ why not confine ourselves to a mere verbal invitation ? This will prevent confusion hereafter; and free us from the apprehension of premature discovery.”

“ This is child’s play,” cried Sidney. “ I repeat, my lords, that the Prince will not stir without a requisition from you. You must give him the guarantee of your hands

and heads. As to restricting his authority, I am empowered to declare that his highness will be ruled in all things by a parliament to be assembled on his arrival. But I am weary of so much vacillation ; and I now declare, once for all, that if you do not sign this parchment, I will withdraw from the confederacy, and leave you to fight for yourselves."

" Give me the pen," said the Bishop of London. " I will be the first to sign."

" We will all follow your lordship!" cried Russell.

And without further remark, they successively affixed their signatures to the document. Last of all, Sidney added his name to the list, when, as he took up the parchment, with a smile of triumph, a stone crucifix, placed in a niche, in the adjoining wall, fell to the earth, with a dull, heavy sound.

“What is that ?” cried several of the confederates, looking round in alarm.

“A good omen !” rejoined Lovelace. “Behold ! the symbol of Rome lies prostrate.”

“We accept the augury as favourable,” said the Bishop of London.

“The coincidence is most strange !” exclaimed Sidney, advancing towards the fallen crucifix, when to his surprise, he perceived the figure of a man standing within the niche. This person had evidently dislodged the cross by his approach.

“A spy here !” cried Sidney, springing forward, and dragging forth the intruder.

Exclamations were uttered by the conspirators, and several of them drew their swords.

“You, then, are the author of the miracle, which we supposed had operated in our favour,” cried Sidney. “Kindle a torch, and let me examine his features.”

And as the light was brought, he recognised Lord Mauvesin.

“ Ha! is it you, my lord?” cried Sidney, sternly. “ Do you know the peril in which you are placed ?”

“ You fancy I am in your power, Colonel Sidney, but you are mistaken—you are in mine,” answered Mauvesin, coolly. “ The house is surrounded by troopers, under command of Colonel Trelawney. Snewin, the constable, awaits me without, and if I do not join him in half an hour, he will call in the dragoons, and conduct them here. You will then have to account for my disappearance, as well as for the purpose of your meeting.”

There was a pause, during which, the confederates regarded each other in silent dismay.

“ I have no wish to disturb your deliberations, provided we can come to terms,”

resumed Mauvesin. “What I have to say is for your ear alone, Colonel Sidney.”

“Follow me then, my lord, and remember that any attempt to escape will be followed by your instant destruction,” replied Sidney, drawing his sword, and walking down the vault with him.

“I have obtained certain assurance that you favour the pretensions of Charles Moor,” said Mauvesin, pausing, as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the others. “Now I will suppose, for the sake of argument, that that young man’s claims to the Mauvesin inheritance are better than mine. It follows, in the event of a change in the government, that you might enable him to dispossess me.”

“Shrewdly guessed, my lord,” replied Sidney, drily.

“Will you pledge yourself to support me if I do not give you up to Trelawney?” said Mauvesin.

“Hem!” cried Sidney. “Well, I fancy there is no alternative,” he added, after a moment’s hesitation. “If you fulfil your engagement, Moor shall shift for himself; but should you practise any treachery, I will take care that the evidence I have collected is placed in his hands, and you will find it will quickly establish his claims.”

“Have no fear of me,” replied Mauvesin; “the coast shall be clear in less than half an hour.”

And he was turning towards the recess, when a door was suddenly thrown open, and Charles Moor entered the vault.

Mauvesin muttered an imprecation and drew back, while Sidney and the other conspirators looked surprised and alarmed. Some drew their swords, and Lord Lovelace advanced with the torch so as to fling the light full on the face of the intruder.

“Colonel Sidney,” cried Moor, undis-

turbed by the tumult around him, “I have come to warn you that the house is surrounded by troopers. Fly this instant, or you are lost; but before you pass, you must give me up the document you hold in your hands.”

“Never with life,” cried Sidney, firmly. “But how is it, Mr. Moor, that you take part against the Protestant Church?”

“I deny that I am taking part against it,” replied Moor. “On the contrary, I am ready to hazard my life in its service. But I will not abet treason to my sovereign.”

“King James has forfeited his allegiance, and it is treason to your country to uphold him,” returned Sidney.

“We shall not serve our country by delivering it up to a foreign invader,” rejoined Moor. “But I will not argue with you, Colonel Sidney. Once for all, I command

you to yield up that document to me. If you refuse, I will call in the soldiery."

" You had better consider how you are to execute your threat, young man," cried Lovelace, planting himself before him.

" You see that resistance will be vain, Mr. Moor," cried Sidney. " Since you have threatened to denounce us you must remain a prisoner."

" His death alone will effectually preserve your secret," cried Mauvesin.

" Right," rejoined Lovelace. " There is no help for it. He must die."

Other voices concurred in the decision.

" Blood will tarnish our cause, my lords," cried Sidney. " There is a cell at the other end of the vault, where the prisoner can be secured, and we can decide hereafter on what is to be done with him."

Mauvesin again expressed his dissatisfaction, but he was over-ruled by the others.

Moor was then removed to the other end of the vault, and thrust into a small cell contrived within the thickness of the wall, the door of which was instantly closed and barred without.

“Your time must have well nigh expired, my lord,” said Sidney to Mauvesin. “Do not linger a moment longer, or Snewin may become alarmed, and defeat your schemes.”

“Why not dispel my fears for ever, and at the same time secure your own safety?” said Mauvesin, in a low and significant tone, and glancing towards Moor’s cell.

“I understand you, my lord,” rejoined Sidney, sternly. “But know that I would hazard my own life as well as the success of the great enterprise I am engaged in, rather than countenance deliberate murder.”

Mauvesin turned sullenly away, and entering the recess, disappeared through a secret passage leading to a chamber above,

where he found Elkanah Snewin, and with this ally, he hurried out to Colonel Trelawney, who had posted himself outside the garden with a party of troopers. Calling him forth, Mauvesin told him that he had been misinformed; that he and Snewin had thoroughly searched the house, and that no meeting of conspirators had taken place that night at Lady Place.

In ten minutes after this, Trelawney and his men were on their way to Henley-on-Thames, while Mauvesin lingered behind, meditating some desperate scheme.

Shut up in the cell, Moor remained for a considerable time undisturbed; but after an interval of about an hour, when profound stillness reigned throughout the vault, he heard footsteps approaching, and presently afterwards, a wicket in the door was unlatched, and Sidney presented himself at it, with a light.

“I have just seen Mr. Saint Leu, and learnt from him that he brought you here, Mr. Moor,” said Sidney. “This alters my opinion of your conduct; for I was under the impression that you had been playing the spy. You have placed your life in jeopardy; and my object is, if possible, to preserve it. There is only one way in which I can ensure your safety.”

“If that involves my concurrence in your designs, I must decline it, whatever hazard I may run,” replied Moor.

“You mistake me,” replied Sidney. “I do not ask you to sacrifice your principles. But I set out for Holland to-night, and if I leave you a prisoner here, I cannot be responsible for the consequences. Neither can I set you at liberty without compromising my confederates, and therefore it is necessary that you should accompany me. Will you go?”

“ I am in no position to refuse you, Colonel,” answered Moor. “ I will.”

“ Then, give me your word that you will not attempt to escape,” said Sidney.

Moor gave the required pledge, and setting down the lamp, Sidney unbarred the cell-door, and allowed him to come forth.

Without a word more, he led the way to an aperture in the wall, and creeping through it, entered a long narrow passage in which they were scarcely able to stand upright, and traversing it, they arrived at length at another small opening, admitting them to a close, damp vault, half filled with old mouldering coffins.

At the upper end, a ladder led to a trap-door above, and they were mounting it, when a gleam of light suddenly shot along the wall, and instantly disappeared.

They listened a moment, but all was still, and cautiously raising the trap-door, Sid-

ney led the way into what proved to be a church.

“Wait here a moment,” he said, as they gained the transept. “I will return with the key, and in a few minutes you will be in safety.”

Moor watched him descend through the trap door, the light gleaming dimly on the ghostly walls of the church, which had originally formed the chapel of the convent, founded by Geoffrey de Mandeville, in the reign of William the Conqueror. The next moment the sacred structure was buried in darkness, and Moor was meditating on his situation, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and ere he could offer resistance, his arms were secured with a stout cord, and a bandage was passed over his head, so as effectually to stifle his cries. He was then hurried along, despite his struggles to free himself, by two men, who

dragged him out of the church, and forcing him to walk forward for nearly a quarter of a mile, brought him to the brink of the river, and then, tumbling him into a boat, pushed off into the centre of the stream.

While they were thus occupied, Moor contrived to loosen the bandage from his mouth, and called lustily for help. Voices were heard answering from the road; and, muttering a terrible imprecation, one of the captors fell upon Moor, and endeavoured to stifle his outcries with his hands.

The moon was partially obscured, but a trace of light appeared, revealing the thickly-wooded shores, faced by tall reeds and flags, extending some distance into the water, but leaving the mid-stream in obscurity. As Mauvesin and his accomplice arrived here, they perceived a boat starting in pursuit of them; and, exchanging a hurried whisper, they quitted their oars,

and seizing on Moor, threw him into the river.

For a moment the men gazed at the water in which, after a struggle, their victim had sunk, when, reminded of the approaching boat, they caught up their oars and made for the opposite shore. At this juncture a splashing was heard, and Moor, who had contrived to free his hands from the cords, reappeared on the surface.

His enemies would willingly have knocked him on the head, but no time was allowed them for further violence, as the other boat was swiftly approaching—so, pulling ashore, they disappeared. The next moment the other boat came up, and its inmates, who proved to be Sidney and Saint Leu, drew alongside Moor, and hauled him in.

Assisting him to a seat, they congratulated him on his escape, and instantly resumed their oars.

“ You will soon be out of your enemy’s reach,” said Saint Leu. “ Our horses are waiting for us a little lower down.”

“ And we must not draw the rein till we reach London,” cried Sidney. “ The brig I have secured will weigh anchor as soon as we get on board.”

Moor made no reply, and after proceeding about half-a-mile, they pulled ashore, and landed in front of a small public-house, close to the water’s edge, and which a neighbouring wood rendered extremely secluded. Here they found the horses they had expected, and after Moor had swallowed a glass of brandy to restore his circulation, they mounted instantly, and rode off in the direction of London.

It was broad daylight by the time they reached Westminster; and here, while Sidney engaged a wherry to convey them to their ship, Moor lingered to take leave of Saint Leu.

“ You will tell Sabine that my last thought was of her,” he said, mournfully. “ If I ever return I will strive to find her out.”

“ She needs no assurance of your devotion, but I will deliver your message,” replied Saint Leu. “ Would that you could cease to think of each other ! ”

Silently pressing his hand, Moor joined Sidney in the boat, and in less than an hour afterwards they had set sail for Holland.

IV.

NOTTINGHAM'S COUNCIL TO THE KING.

FOILED in his attempt to overthrow Sunderland, Father Petre waited with impatience for the next meeting of the council, in the hope that he might still be able to accomplish his object. On the day in question, the whole of the ministers assembled at Whitehall, and, proceeding to the council-chamber, were presently joined by the King.

Rumours of a conspiracy had reached

the palace, and James looked agitated and alarmed.

“Is there any certain information of this alleged conspiracy?” he asked.

“I have little doubt that a conspiracy exists, my liege,” replied Sunderland; “but we have failed in our endeavours to discover the traitors.”

“Perhaps Lord Nottingham could give us some clue to them,” observed Lord Berkeley.

“If a conspiracy exists, Lord Nottingham should be sent to the Tower,” cried Father Petre. “Whoever the malcontents may be, depend upon it he is at the head of them.”

“Lord Nottingham is one of those who proclaim their discontent,” rejoined Sunderland, “and this is not the practice of conspirators. For my own part, I place more reliance on an adversary like him than on many smooth-spoken courtiers.”

“I quite agree with you, my lord,” remarked Jeffreys.

“It may be so,” cried Melfort, “but in a crisis like the present, the arrest of Nottingham would be only a proper precaution.”

“What do you think of it, Sunderland?” inquired James, anxiously. “There is no denying that Nottingham is dangerous.”

Before the earl could reply, an usher opened the door, and announced that the French ambassador requested an immediate audience of the King.

On receiving the royal permission, Barillon appeared, his disordered looks proclaiming that he was charged with some extraordinary mission. Advancing to James, he drew forth an open despatch, and presented it to him.

“This document, my liege, will inform you of a design to subvert your throne,” he said, in an agitated voice. “The Prince

of Orange, supported by a powerful army and fleet, is on the point of invading England."

Turning deadly pale, James received the letter in silence, without regarding the exclamations of surprise which escaped his ministers. A pause ensued, but it was at length broken by the King.

"This news is but too well anthenticated," he said. "I must instantly take measures for my defence."

"The King, my master, will support you with sixty thousand men, and a fleet of forty sail," cried Barillon.

"These will enable you to overcome the invader, at the same time that they will overawe the disaffected among your subjects," said Father Petre.

Several of the ministers were about to support this opinion, when Sunderland interposed.

“I entreat your majesty to decline the offer, however well-intentioned, of the King of France,” he said. “Your people are ever jealous of foreign interference, and are especially averse to a close alliance with France. Besides, we have no need of such supplies. Why look for aid abroad, when your own forces, both by sea and land, are superior to those of your adversary?”

“You cannot be in earnest, my lord,” cried Father Petre, furiously. “No loyal subject of his majesty will advise him to refuse this generous offer of assistance.”

“I will not refuse it,” said James. “At such a juncture I must not trust to accident, when I am offered the means of insuring success.”

“The measure will have precisely the opposite effect to what you suppose, my liege,” returned Sunderland. “I repeat that the

intervention of the King of France will be highly distasteful to your subjects, and by alienating their affections from you, will make them the willing instruments of the invader. Your own army and navy will be the first to regard it as an insult."

"Your lordship is right with regard to the navy," observed Lord Dartmouth, the Admiral of the Fleet. "If they heard the French were to join them, they would instantly go over to the enemy."

"You do my seamen injustice, my lord," cried James. "They have fought and bled by my side, and will not desert me in the moment of danger. M. Barillon will inform my brother Louis that I accept his proffered assistance."

"Your majesty having made this decision," said Sunderland, "I have nothing left but to tender my resignation. I am ready to lay down my life in your service, but with

my consent, no foreign army shall ever set foot in England."

A profound silence followed this speech. Torn with indecision, James darted a rapid glance at the other ministers, as if to assure himself of their support, but every eye was fixed on Sunderland. The very enemies of the minister seemed to dread his secession, and in all the council, Father Petre alone looked forward to it with satisfaction.

"Now is the time to accomplish his disgrace," whispered the Jesuit to Barillon, who was standing at his side. "Say but a word, and our object is affected."

To his surprise, the ambassador seemed to discountenance his views. Indeed, though his personal dislike of Sunderland remained unshaken, Barillon entertained the highest opinion of his ability, and, since his last conference with Father Petre, he had received instructions from France to lend his

support to Sunderland. Turning a deaf ear, therefore, to the Jesuit's solicitation, he urged James, in a whisper, to come to an understanding with Sunderland.

“It must be so,” replied James, in the same tone. And he added aloud to Sunderland, “Important as I deem these proffered supplies, my lord, I consider the service you can render me still more important. You will, therefore, retain your office, and M. Barillon will inform his august master, that while I feel grateful for the offer of his assistance, I have no present need of it.”

“I rejoice to obey your majesty’s commands,” replied Sunderland; “and you will, I am sure, find it more advantageous to rely implicitly on the affection of your subjects than any allies. Meanwhile, something should be done to encourage the well-disposed, and to conciliate the disaffected.”

“It is by coercion not conciliation, that

we must meet the disaffected," cried Father Petre, and as a first step in this course, I again recommend the immediate arrest of Lord Nottingham."

" You speak well, reverend father," answered James. " Let a warrant for that purpose be prepared, and I will sign it."

In obedience to a gesture from the King, the clerk of the council proceeded to draw up the warrant, and James was about to sign it when the usher announced the Earl of Nottingham.

James was so surprised at the announcement, that the pen dropped from his hand.

Every eye was turned on the door as the Protestant leader appeared. Always grave, his face was now clouded with anxiety, which he did not seek to conceal. Advancing, he bent the knee before the King.

" This visit is unexpected, my lord," said

James, coldly. “To what do I owe the unusual advantage of your presence?”

“In your majesty’s prosperity I held aloof, inasmuch as I could not approve of the proceedings of your ministry,” replied Nottingham; “but information has just reached me that your kingdom is about to be invaded, and you must not find me absent in the moment of danger.

A deep flush mantled the King’s cheeks. Turning his eye quickly round the council-board, with a look full of meaning, he arose, and gave Nottingham his hand.

“Welcome, my lord,” he exclaimed, with gracious dignity. “No one can better advise me what to do in this emergency. Take your seat by my side, and afford me the benefit of your counsel.”

With a low obeisance Nottingham arose, and seated himself at the table.

“I would submit to your majesty a proposition for conciliating the church,” he said; “I recommend that all Catholics, holding other than military employments, shall be dismissed your service; that the dean and fellows of Magdalen College shall be reinstated in their dignities; that the ecclesiastical commission, which has become so obnoxious, shall be abolished; that a proclamation shall be issued, announcing your majesty’s intention to submit the question of the dispensing power to the decision of the Parliament; and, finally, that the royal charter shall be restored to the City of London.”

“I will never consent to these measures,” cried Father Petre, furiously: “they undo all that we have done, and if his majesty assents to them, he will undermine his throne.”

“They are essential to its preservation,” cried Nottingham.

James was silent, restrained alike by the searching looks of Nottingham, and by a distrust of his own capacity; but a warm debate ensuing among the council, a large majority at length expressed their approval of Nottingham’s proposition, and recommended its adoption.

“You have not joined in the debate, my lord,” said James to Sunderland. “What is your opinion of the proposed measures?”

“I am sure, my liege, that they will be highly acceptable to your people,” replied the Earl.

“Then I will not hesitate to adopt them,” returned James. “And now for our military preparations. You will each place your respective departments on the most effective footing. My Lord Preston, you will attend

me to the camp, and you, my Lord Dartmouth, will instantly set out for the fleet."

And dismissing the council, he quitted the room, and shortly afterwards proceeded on horseback to the camp, on Hounslow Heath.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK THE FOURTH.



THE INVASION

I.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

IN 1580, when the United Provinces were struggling with Spain for their independence, William, First Prince of Orange, was appointed Stadholder of the republic, and captain-general of its armies. After forcing the Spanish troops to evacuate the States, William the First was assassinated at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584, but the Stadholdership was continued in his family till William the Second, his grandson, en-

deavoured to render himself absolute, when the House of Orange became unpopular, and on the death of William the Second, the office of Stadholder was abolished. Soon after this occurrence, his widow, Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles the First, gave birth to a son, William Henry, who was confided by the states to the care of John de Witt, the celebrated patriot, then Grand Pensionary of Holland; and perceiving early indications of the great capacity of the prince, De Witt purposely neglected his education, in order to obscure, as much as possible, the talents and virtues he was supposed to inherit from his ancestors, and which the Pensionary believed might prove prejudicial to the liberties of his country.

Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the prince had scarcely attained his twenty-first year, when an occasion arose which proved him a worthy representative of

his race. Engaged in an unequal contest with the united forces of France and England, the Dutch, reduced to the greatest straits, fixed their last hopes upon the young Prince of Orange. At the head of an inefficient force, William took the field against the vast armies of France, and forced them to retire, with great loss, to Alfen, from which place he ultimately compelled them to retreat over the frontiers. Meanwhile, his adherents rose in the different cities, and demanded the repeal of the edict which had abolished the office of Stadtholder. Surprised and terrified, the republican party everywhere yielded, with the single exception of Cornelius de Witt, the brother of the Pensionary, who, notwithstanding the menaces of the mob, and the entreaties of his friends, refused to assent to the measure. Enraged at his resolution, the Orange party accused him of having offered a low barber

named Ticklaer, a bribe of 30,000 guilders, to assassinate William, and though the only testimony adduced against him was that of the barber, the venerable patriot was consigned to the rack, where, while suffering the most excruciating torment, he infuriated his enemies by reciting, in a calm voice, a passage from Horace.

Though obliged to acknowledge that the evidence would not justify a conviction, the judges sentenced the unfortunate statesman to perpetual banishment; but nothing less than his blood would satisfy the populace; and as he appeared at the prison-door, attended by his brother the Pensionary, on the morning after his trial, an immense multitude demanded that they should be put to death. Perceiving that their destruction was resolved on, the brothers had just sunk into each other's arms, when they were knocked down by the mob, and

trodden under foot ; after which, their crushed and mutilated carcasses were dragged in triumph through the streets, next suspended from the common gallows, and finally cut into a thousand pieces, some of which were boiled and eaten by their inhuman assassins.

Raised to the dignity of Stadholder of Holland, William, in a short time, compelled France and England to conclude a peace with the States, and proceeding on a visit to the English court, afterwards espoused the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of James, then Duke of York. Scarcely had the marriage been solemnized, when he conceived the design of ascending the throne of England, by intriguing for the exclusion of his father-in-law.

Baffled in his attempts to supplant James in the succession to the crown, the Prince of Orange began to affect the utmost defer-

ence for his father-in-law, but, at the same time, secretly fomented those divisions which the arbitrary policy of James excited among his subjects. By these means he caused himself to be regarded as the champion of the Protestant interest, both by the Church and the Dissenters ; and the birth of a Prince of Wales determined him to appear openly in that character, and endeavour to drive James from the throne.

Under pretence of resisting the ambitious designs of Louis the XIV., he entered into an alliance with the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain, together with several princes of the Germanic Confederation, by which the contracting parties severally bound themselves to assist each other with arms and money to the utmost of their power. The League of Augsburgh, as it was called, served him as an excuse for making the most extensive preparations,

both by sea and land, in which he was zealously aided by the States of Holland, and the Dukes of Zell and Wolfenbuttel; and shortly after the birth of the Prince of Wales, he had collected a force of 14,000 men, together with a squadron of men-of-war, and five hundred transports, with which he waited only for a favourable moment to sail against England.

Louis XIV. having opened the campaign on the Continent by investing Philipburgh, in the territories of the Emperor, instead of attacking Maestricht, which would have carried the war into the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange found himself at liberty to prosecute his designs against England, and, accordingly, he issued a manifesto animadverting on the policy which had been pursued by James, referring in terms of especial acrimony to the prosecution of the bishops, and stigmatizing the Prince of

Wales as a base-born pretender, adding that he was invited over to England by a large number of the nobility for the purpose of redressing these grievances. His forces embarked in the Zuyder-Zee, on the 17th of October, 1688 ; and three days afterwards, the whole armament being assembled, the Prince weighed anchor from Helvoetsluys, having first arranged his fleet in three divisions ; the van being under the command of Admiral Herbert, the centre led by himself, and the rear by the Dutch Vice-Admiral Evertzen.

Favoured by the wind, this formidable armament shaped its course for the English channel, amidst the roar of cannon from the shore and the acclamations of the adventurers on board. But, as the night drew on, a violent gale arose, which so scattered the fleet, that when the morning dawned, not two ships were to be seen in

company. Crowded together on the previous evening, the vessels, in the darkness, had dashed against each other; the cannon broke from their lashings and rolled over the decks, which, cumbered with baggage and ammunition, and thronged with soldiers, afforded no room for the operations of the seamen; and the immense fleet was almost at the mercy of the wind and waves.

A great portion of the artillery and baggage, and nearly one thousand horses were thrown overboard; and within forty-eight hours after his embarkation, William returned to the harbour of Helvoetsluys, followed only by three ships of war and a few transports.

In order to gain time and lull James into false security, he caused the most exaggerated accounts of this disaster to be spread in England; but his unhappy father-in-law

was too surely informed that he was repairing his losses, and might be expected to re-embark with the first easterly wind. On receiving this intelligence, James caused an enormous weather-cock to be raised on the north end of the banqueting-house at White-hall, where it may still be seen, so that he might always be informed of the direction of the wind; that which blew from the east being now dignified with the title of the Protestant wind, while the other points of the compass were denominated Papish. This circumstance is thus alluded to in the popular ballad of “Lillibullero” :—

Oh ! but why does he stay behind?
By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind !

The propitious wind came at last ! and having in the meantime gathered together his scattered fleet, repaired the damages it had sustained, and taken on board fresh supplies of ammunition, William, on the 1st

of November, again sailed out of Helvoetsluys. The English fleet, under Lord Dartmouth, was stationed off Harwich, for the purpose of intercepting him, but the wind which favoured the Dutch, was adverse to the English, and the invading force arrived unmolested in the channel. The splendid spectacle of six hundred ships sailing past was watched with interest in the more contracted parts of the channel, by thousands of spectators, on either shore, by whom the flag-ship of William was distinguished in the van, as well by its greater dimensions, as from the standard which flew on its mast. The wind continued favourable; and on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688, the magnificent armament passed Dartmouth, and anchored safely in Torbay.

II.

THE LANDING AT BRIXHOLME.

IT was a fine clear November morning, and the sun shone brightly on the Dutch fleet now thronging the broad basin of Torbay. Many of the vessels had already taken up their ground and cast anchor, and a string of signals* was flying from the mast-head of the admiral's flag-ship, commanded by Her-

* The method of communicating by signals had been invented some years previously by James, then Duke of York, by whom it had been introduced into the English navy, from which it had been borrowed by other naval powers.

bert, by which others were directed to their station. Boats were out from some of the men-of-war and towing them forward, the crews, as their vessels passed each other, exchanging loud hurrahs; sailors were seen aloft furling the sails; cables were heaved up from the locker preparatory to casting anchor, to the sound of the fife and drum; and the cheering vociferations of the seamen could be heard far and wide.

Scarcely had the ship containing the Prince of Orange come to an anchor, when an accommodation-rope was shipped in the gangway, and the Prince's barge lowered alongside. The yards of the ship were manned, as a mark of honour; a guard in the barge presented arms, while its crew stood up before them, with their oars aloft, and the Prince, attended by Colonel Sidney and Marshal Schomberg, then descended to the barge.

William was dressed in a military costume, studiously fashioned to conceal the defects of his person. He was of middle stature; slight, round-shouldered, and singularly awkward in his gait. He was sharp-visaged, stern-browed, and eagle-nosed, but his eyes were bright and keen, and lighted up an otherwise cold and impassioned countenance.

His companion, Armand Frederic de Schomberg, Marshal of France, was the son of Menard de Schomberg, who was employed by the Elector Palatine Frederic the Fifth, to negotiate a marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, and died while the future marshal was yet an infant. Educated under the guardianship of the elector, young Schomberg soon manifested an inclination for the profession of arms, and displayed all those qualities that render men illustrious. When only sixteen years of age he was present at

the famous Battle of Nordlingen, where the Swedes were defeated by the Imperialists, and afterwards served at the retreat of Mayence, under the orders of Rantzau, who, for his meritorious conduct, gave him a company in his own regiment, in which the young soldier acquired new distinction. Incurring the displeasure of the Emperor, Schomberg proceeded to Holland, and entered the service of Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange, who soon took him into favour, and Schomberg remained with him till the Prince's death, in 1650, when he repaired to France, where the civil war was then raging, and served with distinction in Poitou and Champagne, and at the siege of Rhétel, where he commanded the infantry. Cardinal Mazarin, as a reward for his valour, appointed him lieutenant-general of the army of Flanders, in which capacity he considerably increased his reputation, but

while prosecuting the siege of Valenciennes, he had the misfortune to lose his son, who was killed under his eyes in the trenches. He commanded a wing of the French army at the Battle of Dunes, and contributed mainly to the success of the day, which ended in the complete overthrow of the Spanish army, under the Prince de Condé. On the conclusion of the war Schomberg repaired to Portugal, then threatened with a Spanish invasion, and was entrusted by the Regent with the command of four thousand men, with which small force he successfully encountered the Spaniards on several occasions, and finally gained the decisive victory of Villa Viciosa, which put an end to the war. Previous to his leaving Portugal, the Regent created him a Count, and returning to France he was shortly afterwards presented with the baton of Marshal, and appointed to the command of

the army in the Low Countries. Here he forced the Dutch to raise the siege of Maestricht, and then of Charleroi, and was about to enter Germany, when a truce was signed with the Emperor, and his orders to advance were countermanded. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, he requested permission to retire to Portugal, and after remaining in that country for a short time, he repaired to the court of the elector of Brandenberg, and was in the service of that Prince, when he was invited by the Prince of Orange to accompany him in his expedition to England. Madame de Sévigné, who was intimate with his wife, describes him as “one of the most amiable husbands in the world, without counting that he is a hero,” and speaks of his mental acquirements and natural intelligence in terms of high commendation.

As the Prince and his companions

alighted in the barge, the guard grounded arms, and the crew dropped and shipped their oars, and under a royal salute from the admiral's ship, which was answered from that of the William, the barge was pulled towards the shore.

William glanced proudly at his fleet, and then at the shores of the bay, which, opening between two capes, called Hope's-Nose and Berry-Head, formed a vast semi-lunar basin, about twelve miles in circumference. Great ramparts of rock hung round the sides, from which, however, here and there, wherever a patch of earth presented itself, tall trees sprang up; and the bottom of the bay arose in a verdant slope, crowned with luxuriant woods.

At this point a row of cottages, forming the village of Brixholme, straggled up from the bay; and groups of fishermen and

smugglers watched from the beach the approach of the barge, while above were seen some stout farmers and yeomen from the country, in carts or on horseback, and a man stood on the tower of the village church, making signals to another below, who instantly mounted a stout horse, and galloped up an adjacent lane, to carry off the intelligence of the arrival of the fleet to the villages in the interior of the country.

As the barge gained the beach, William was the first to spring ashore. He was followed by Marshal Schomberg, bearing his standard, and Sidney, and they all appeared surprised that no person of importance was there to meet them.

“Heaven sanction our enterprise!” exclaimed William. “I come to defend the religion and liberty of England!”

A loud cheer arose from the soldiers and

seamen, but the country people were silent. William turned with a look of disappointment to Sidney.

“A poor assemblage and a sorry greeting,” he said, somewhat bitterly. “Where is the enthusiasm you promised me? Where are the crowds?”

“Both will come in due time, your highness,” replied Sidney; and taking off his hat, he waved it in the air, crying “God save the Prince of Orange! Heaven speed the Champion of the Protestant Church!”

The soldiers and seamen again cheered loudly, but the spectators still kept aloof, and gazed at each other irresolutely.

“Hum!” muttered William, with a dissatisfied look. “It would have been more auspicious if we had landed yesterday, seeing that it was my birth-day.”

“It is more auspicious for our cause,

your highness, that we have landed to-day," replied Sidney. "It is the anniversary of the deliverance of England from the popish treason of Guy Fawkes. We are once more rescued from the devices and treacheries of Rome."

"Once began, I will not slacken in the work," rejoined William. "No coolness in the people shall discourage me. The troops will be landed without delay, and we shall be ready to march forward to-morrow. But see, here comes Dr. Burnet."

As he spoke, the ecclesiastic in question landed from a boat and approached them.

Born in Edinburgh, on the 18th of September, 1643, Gilbert Burnet was the son of an advocate, who, after being exiled for his loyalty during the civil war, was created a Lord of the Session at the Restoration, by the title of Lord Cramond. Swift, indeed, asserts that he was merely a *laird*, but this

is merely a stroke of his malicious pleasantry.

Early distinguished for learning, young Burnet took the degree of Master of Arts at Marischal College, Aberdeen, at the age of fourteen, and afterwards visited both the English Universities, whence he proceeded to the Continent, and passed some time in Rotterdam and Paris. Returning to Scotland, he was presented by Sir Robert Fletcher to the valuable benefice of Saltoun, the duties of which he discharged in the most exemplary manner. As an instance of his generosity, it is recorded by Chalmers, that on one occasion, one of his parishioners being threatened with an execution for debt, he applied to Burnet for relief, when the latter asked him how much would be required to set him up again in his trade, and the man naming the sum, Burnet ordered his servant to pay it him. The ser-

vant replied it was all they had in the house. “ Well, pay it to this poor man,” rejoined Burnet. “ You do not know the pleasure there is, in giving happiness.”

Shortly after his presentation to Saltoun, Burnet was intrusted by the Duke of Hamilton with the papers of his father and uncle, from which he compiled the “ Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton;” and about the same time he clandestinely paid his addresses to the Duke’s niece, Lady Margaret Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Cassilis, but their correspondence being discovered, he was compelled to fly to England, and he prevailed on the lady to accompany him. On arriving in London, he went over to the party of the Duke’s adversary, the Earl of Lauderdale, and under his auspices, commenced his “ History of the Reformation,” which appearing just as the Popish Plot was in agitation, accorded so

well with the prevailing views, that its author received the thanks of both houses of parliament. Burnet was successively appointed preacher to the Rolls Chapel, lecturer of St. Clements, and chaplain in ordinary to Charles II., and while holding these preferments, distinguished himself by converting Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, of whom he afterwards published a memoir, which, Dr. Johnson says, “the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety.” He is best known, however, for his “History of His Own Time,” a work which, though remarkable in itself, presents its writer in anything but an amiable point of view.

On the accession of James II., having become obnoxious to the Catholics, Burnet retired to the Continent, and after visiting Paris and Rome, finally settled at the Hague, whence he waged a paper war

against James, in which he was strongly supported by the popular party in England.

Dr. Burnet was a large, stout man, with a bold and somewhat presumptuous expression of countenance.

Bustling forward, Burnet hastened to make his devoirs to William, who smiled as he approached, and offered him his hand.

“God save your majesty!” exclaimed Burnet. “I am first to hail you King of England.”

“You are always very zealous in my service, doctor,” replied William; “but let me be Prince of Orange, till I am made sovereign of this realm by parliament.”

“I shall salute your highness in such manner as you may command,” replied Burnet, “but, believe me, you are now, *de facto*, King of England.”

“And if your Highness and the Princess

Anne should unhappily have no heirs, the doctor has provided for the future succession to the crown," observed Sidney, sarcastically.

Burnet coloured, but the affected gravity of Sidney's deportment, and the look of attention assumed by the Prince, reassured him.

"Yes, your highness," he cried. "I have fixed on the Princess Sophia of Hanover, as the next in succession. But these points can be settled hereafter. May I ask where your highness intends to encamp?"

"Encamp! eh!" cried William. "What is your opinion of predestination, doctor?"

Unconscious of the rebuke conveyed in these words, Burnet replied at some length, arguing strongly in favour of the disputed doctrine; and William listened with seeming attention, though his thoughts were really occupied by his duties as a leader.

As this was passing, another person, in full uniform, landed, and advanced towards them. Saluting him as General Bentinck, William caught him familiarly by the arm, and took him aside.

Bentinck was William's early favourite, and their attachment was mutual, and of the strongest kind. Descended from a family that had long resided at Overyssel, in the United Provinces, Bentinck was born in 1649, and at an early age was appointed page of honour to William, and shortly afterwards was made gentleman of the bed-chamber. Previously to his promotion, William having been attacked with the small pox, the young page was so attentive, that, during sixteen days and nights, William never called once that he was not answered by Bentinck, as if he were awake the whole period. On the Prince's return to convalescence, Bentinck requested permission to

return home, and had scarcely arrived at his father's house when he was himself seized with the disease, in its most virulent form ; but he recovered soon enough to attend William to the field. Here his station was always by the side of his master ; and, after serving him zealously in several important missions, he had accompanied him in the same vessel on his expedition to England.

“ Our men seem dispirited, Bentinck,” said William. “ I am afraid the people who invited us here will not be very forward to assist us.”

“ They have not had time to join us yet,” answered Bentinck. “ We shall no doubt meet some of them to-morrow. The troops, too, will be in better condition in the morning. They have been cooped up for a week in the ships ; but the march will soon raise their spirits, and I have no doubt they will behave gallantly.”

“ The enemy, it seems, intends to leave us to seek him, instead of seeking us,” observed William. “ But here come our horses; let us mount and reconnoitre the country.”

While the foregoing conversation had taken place, indeed, several horses had been landed, and mounting, William galloped off, attended by Bentinck, Schomberg, and Sidney.

During their absence the disembarkation of the troops was continued, and conducted with such dispatch, that, in the course of the day, the whole army had landed.

As night approached, dense masses of cloud gathered overhead; the wind rose to a gale; and when it abated, the rain fell in torrents. From the violence of the storm, it was with difficulty that the soldiers could maintain the watch-fires. Here a party of some twenty were stretched in the open field, round a glimmering fire—

some already asleep—others leaning back on their horses, and others vainly endeavouring to keep alive the fires, while some few still sat bravely up, smoking their pipes, and handing round the social canteen. Deep silence pervaded the vast assemblage. No snatch of song, or burst of laughter, indicated that the soldiers were making light of the discomfort of their situation, and excepting an occasional shout of the sentinels, announcing that all was well, not a sound was heard. In this way the first night was passed by the invading army.

III.

THE MARCH TO EXETER.

THE next morning found William surrounded by his staff, while scouts were constantly arriving with intelligence, and the principal officers of the army were making their reports.

The Prince looked dispirited. The army was without provisions, excepting such supplies as could be procured from the ships, and various foraging parties had been scouring the surrounding country with but in-

different success. Added to this, the commissaries had been unable to muster sufficient waggons for the transit of the baggage and ammunition, and, in many cases, had been obliged to resort to violence with the neighbouring farmers, in order to obtain the use of their teams. Owing to these circumstances, the morning was far advanced before the army could commence its march.

The spectacle it presented in its progress was anything but cheering. The colours were furled and cased; the horses of the cavalry-regiments looked jaded, and hung their heads; the soldiers, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold and hunger, marched along in silence; and the women were crowded in the baggage-waggons, under tarpaulin covers. The roads were in many places flooded, or covered ankle-deep with mud; soldiers were constantly falling out

of the ranks, unable to continue the march ; and occasionally a field-carriage, used for the transit of cannon, would become so jammed in the ruts, that a halt was obliged to be made till it could be extricated. The inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed received them coldly, holding altogether aloof, or regarding them with stupified wonder ; although William caused his proclamation to be read aloud, representing himself as their deliverer, and inviting them to join his standard.

In this way William marched onward for two days, and it was not until the third morning that he came in sight of Exeter, though it was only twenty miles from Torbay. Arrived within a mile of the city, the army was ordered to halt, and an officer was dispatched to summon forth the mayor and corporation, while Wil-

liam prepared to enter the city, on their appearance, in a triumphal procession, which should excite the admiration of the citizens.

A momentary gleam of sunshine promised to favour his design, and he hastened to take advantage of it. The procession was opened by two hundred English refugees, in their richest attire, and mounted on Flemish horses, splendidly accoutred. These were followed by as many negroes, from the Dutch plantations in America, whose appearance was rendered more striking by richly-embroidered caps, lined with white fur, and plumed with white feathers. Next walked two hundred Laplanders, armed with broad-swords, and with the skins of wild beasts thrown over their armour. Then came fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, supporting the banner of the Prince, borne by heralds, who were succeeded by fifty war-horses,

fully accoutred, and each attended by two grooms. William himself rode next, on a milk-white charger, and clad in burnished armour, supported on each hand by a number of officers, in sumptuous uniforms. These were followed by two hundred gentlemen, mounted on Flemish horses, and attended by their pages ; while six troops of the Prince's body-guard brought up the rear.

In this order the procession approached the city, when it was met by a scout, who informed William that the mayor refused to receive him, and had thrown his messenger into prison. Mortified and enraged, William ordered a squadron of the body-guard to precede him, and bring the mayor to terms, while the procession followed more leisurely, and did not arrive at Exeter till some time afterwards. In the interim, the force in advance had presented itself before the

mayor, who, as he had no means of resistance, was compelled to throw open the gate, and the Dutch guard instantly took possession of the city.

As the procession drew near, William espied his colour flying from the summit of the gate, announcing that the city had surrendered. But the reduction of a defenceless place afforded him little ground for exultation, and he looked in vain for some manifestation of popular sympathy. In obedience to a proclamation from the mayor, the shops were all closed, and the procession passed up the deserted streets in silence. Halting at the market-place, William caused a proclamation to be read, in which he announced himself the champion of the Protestant religion, and called on the citizens to arm in his cause ; but, though many of the latter looked on from the windows of the neighbouring houses, his appeal had no

effect, and not a single person joined his standard.

Scarcely able to conceal his disappointment, William now inquired for the bishop and dean ; and finding that both had fled on his approach, he resolved take up his quarters in the Deanery. Here he was soon joined by the chief of his officers ; and, by their advice, determined to make a further trial of the temper of the inhabitants, before he ventured to resume his march.

Meanwhile, as the public tranquillity remained undisturbed, the citizens began to feel more secure ; many of the shops were opened, and the majority of the inhabitants went about their usual avocations. This shew of confidence inspired the adherents of William with new hopes. The Prince's proclamation was printed, and dispersed over the country ; a large bounty was offered for volunteers and recruits ; the persuasions

of Sidney were exerted to overawe the bold, and the oratory of Burnet to overcome the scruples of the timid.

The large choir of the cathedral was crowded to excess, as Burnet ascended to the pulpit. Rich and poor, old and young, of both sexes, thronged even the aisles, while every face bore the impress of expectation and curiosity. Amidst profound silence, Burnet read forth his text, in a deep, sonorous voice, from the 107th Psalm:— “ Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

The preacher proceeded to shew that this loving-kindness had been signally manifested towards the Prince of Orange, in his present glorious expedition, preserving him from the dangers of the sea, and the snares of the enemy, and bringing him, at last, safely to the land which he sought to emancipate.

He then lauded the Prince's virtues, prowess, and patriotism—spoke of his attachment to the Protestant religion, and his right of succession to the crown, now occupied by a popish tyrant, and destined to a popish pretender—and, finally, hailed him as the deliverer of the nation.

His discourse gave rise to an indescribable scene of confusion. Men, women, and children were observed scrambling to the door, overwhelmed with dismay. The whole congregation became disordered; and, perceiving this, Burnet became more intemperate in his language, and concluded by reading the prince's proclamation.

There was now a general rush to the door; but, persisting in his purpose, Burnet read the proclamation to an end, when he called out, in a loud voice, “God save the Prince of Orange!” To his surprise, no one cried “Amen!” and, looking round, he

found that the whole of the congregation had retreated, and that he and a few choristers were the only inmates of the cathedral.

Full of rage, Burnet flung out of the pulpit, and hurried off to communicate with his master. But the news of his failure had preceded him ; and, on arriving at the Deanery, he found William and his leading officers consulting on what was to be done.

“ The reports from every quarter are unfavourable,” said William. “ I suspect I have been betrayed.

“ Our friends are backward, your highness, but there is no ground for supposing them treacherous,” observed Sidney. “ If we were only joined by one person of note, the whole body would come over to us.”

“ Then they are restrained by cowardice,” cried Marshal Schomberg, “ and, therefore, little reliance can be placed upon them.”

“ I will, at least, shew them that they are in my power,” said William. “ If I am not joined by some of them before to-morrow night, I will publish the invitation they sent me, with the whole of their names attached to it, and then leave them to the fate they deserve.”

“ Give them a few days longer, I entreat your highness,” cried Sidney.

“ Not an hour ! ” exclaimed William. “ Indeed, I cannot if I would ; for we have now come to such a pass, that if we remain here, we must either pillage or famish, and I have no inclination to do either. What say you, Bentinck ? ” he added.

“ I cannot conceal from your highness that I think our best course would be to re-embark,” replied the favourite. “ The troops themselves begin to murmur.”

“ We must strike a blow first, if only for the honour of our flag,” cried Schomberg.

“Hear me a moment, your highness,” cried Sidney. “I see Speke in the ante-chamber. He has been among the Nonconformists, and I have no doubt brings us such a report from them as will determine you to push forward.”

And passing to the open door of the ante-chamber, he beckoned Speke to advance.

William regarded the treacherous emissary with a look of suspicion.

“Well, sir, what news do you bring?” he demanded, sternly.

“Such as I would rather not report, your highness,” replied Speke. “I went to the meeting-houses this morning, but could only gain admission by forcing the door. The Dissenters will not render you any assistance.”

“Well, Colonel Sidney, what think you now?” cried William.

Lowering his voice, Sidney conversed with him in an under tone for several minutes,

when they walked together into the ante-room, where William called an orderly, and giving him some private instructions, the soldier disappeared, but shortly afterwards returned, ushering in Charles Moor.

The young man's demeanour was resolute, though respectful, and was in no way affected by the stern look of William.

“ You have demanded your liberty,” said William; “ I have detained you in order to allow time for escape to those persons who might be implicated by your disclosures. This, no doubt, has made you more anxious to proceed.”

“ I do not deny it, your highness,” answered Moor; “ I am anxious to warn my sovereign that he is surrounded by traitors.”

“ Your warning will come too late,” rejoined William, with seeming composure.

“ The persons you would denounce are already beyond the King's reach, and have

taken effectual steps for placing him in my power."

" Yet some of them owe all they possess to King James's bounty," rejoined Moor; " how then can your highness repose confidence in such men?"

" His highness will not trouble you for your sentiments on this subject, Mr. Moor," said Sidney, drily. " The distinguished patriots to whom you allude have sacrificed every private consideration on the altar of their country. It would be well for you if you did the same. Nothing now can save James."

" If he seeks to pursue this contest, I certainly cannot answer for his safety," observed William, " but I will be no party to the violent measures which will be directed against him. You are devoted to his service, Mr. Moor, and may be the instrument of his preservation. A fleet horse is ready

saddled for you at the door. Hasten to London and warn your royal master that his only safety is in flight. He must leave England instantly."

"I will tell his majesty, that this is your highness's advice," answered Moor; "but I am bound to add, that I shall urge him not to adopt it. If I can prevail upon him he will never quit England."

"I find I am mistaken in you, sir," said William, coldly. "I thought you were anxious to preserve the King's life."

"I am anxious to preserve not only his life, but his throne," answered Moor.

"He has lost his throne, and you would endanger his head," observed Sidney. "I procured you the offer of this service, because I thought it would be gratifying to you to be the means of saving the fallen monarch's life, at the same time that it would raise you up a friend in his highness. You must

see that James has no alternative but flight or death."

"Better he should meet death than dis-honour," replied Moor. "I will never counsel him to fly."

"Be it so," replied Sidney, coldly. "Let Lord Mauvesin be introduced," he added, to an attendant, and presently afterwards the young nobleman appeared.

"You are aware of his highness's wishes, my lord," said Sidney to Mauvesin. "He entrusts the execution of them to you."

"What if I fail in persuading the King to fly?" said Mauvesin.

"He must then be taken off by force," cried William.

"How can that be done, when he will be surrounded by an army?" asked Mauvesin.

"Easily," said Sidney. "Here is a cypher which will let you know the numbers of the officers on whom you may rely, and the key

I gave you this morning will furnish you with their names."

"If I can really rely on their assistance, your enemy will not give you much trouble," said Mauvesin, with significance. "But how are they to know I am authorized to treat with them?"

"By this signet," said William, taking a ring from his finger, and giving it to him.

"Lose not a moment," said Sidney. "Take Snewin with you and begone."

"As I hazard my life in this business," said Mauvesin, in a low tone to William, "your highness will promise me, before I go, that you will protect me from the schemes of this pretender."

And he turned to where he supposed Moor stood, when, to his surprise, he found the young man gone.

Moor, indeed, had marched boldly into the ante-room, and observing the orderly in at-

tendance, directed him to conduct him to the horse that had been prepared for him by the Prince's command. Having no suspicion, the soldier obeyed, and they found the horse in an outer court. Springing to the saddle, Moor instantly rode off.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when Sidney and Mauvesin rushed into the court, followed by William himself, who directed instant pursuit to be made after him. At the same time fresh horses were ordered out, and in a few minutes, Mauvesin and Snewin galloped off in the direction taken by Moor.

IV.

THORNLEYDOWN INN.

ON the afternoon of the day following that on which the incidents last related occurred, a rustic group was assembled in front of Thornleydown Inn, a well-known and much-frequented hostel in those days, and even at a much later period, on the great West of England road. The party consisted of a stout yeoman, seated on the shaft of his cart, discussing a pot of nappy ale; a young farmer, with a glass of the

same wholesome beverage in one hand, and the bridle of his horse in the other; and three or four other persons who were seated on a bench near the door, with a narrow deal table before them, garnished with a mountainous loaf, a fat Wiltshire cheese, some horn cups and cannikins, and a couple of large brown jugs, foaming with the nappy ale before mentioned.

“ Well, masters, as I was a-sayin’,” observed a lantern-jawed man, who filled the offices of parish-clerk and schoolmaster in the neighbouring village, “ I was at Salisbury this mornin’, and the talk there was, as how the Prince of Orange had gone to Ireland. There was news from Portsmouth that he’d passed by there, and Lord Dartmouth was sailin’ after him.”

“ I heered say he were gone to Wales, Master Gosling,” cried a blacksmith, with his bared arms folded over his brawny

chest. “It ’ll make it good for trade if he comes this way, for some of his osses must want shoein’.”

“If he do come this way, it ’ll be very tryin’ for us, as well as for our cattle,” said the young farmer; “for I’ve been told they always seizes your teams, and gives you nothing but kicks or pike-thrusts for the use on ’um. I ’d rather keep clear of such customers.”

“Well, I don’t know but it would do good, though, for them troopers be rare drouthy fellows,” cried the host, Dick Froggatt.

“Ay, they ’ll drink your cellar dry, no doubt on’t, Master Froggatt,” observed the farmer; “but they ’ll pay th’ reck’nin’ i’ th’ same way as they pays for their osses.”

“May be,” replied the host, checking his laughter; “but it ’s my opinion the Prince ben’t far off. There were a man rode by

about half-an-hour ago, as if he'd break 'un's neck, as seemed as if he was flyin' on before 'un. I rushed out; but, Lor' bless you! afore I could get to the door he were out o' sight."

"I wish I'd seen that flyin' rebel," remarked Nat Peppercorne, the beadle; "go as fast as he would, I'd have stopped 'un, and made him give some account of himself."

"I don't see how you could, Master Peppercorne," interposed the schoolmaster. "He was most likely carrying intelligence of the Prince's landing to the King."

"Don't tell me, Master Gosling," retorted Peppercorne, in an authoritative tone. "Do you think a man as was servin' his majesty 'ud ride at that rate? No, no! I promise you, he was some spy of that rebellious Prince of Orange."

"The Prince is no rebel," answered Gosling, who, from his connexion with the

church, was somewhat jealous of the reputation of the Protestant champion. “He’s a hero, every inch on ‘un, and will drive all papishers where they ought to go.”

“I’ll tell you what it is,” cried Pepper-corne, much excited, “I won’t stand by and hear the King abused! Mind, I don’t care who it is, but if any one talks about this here Prince of Orange, I’ll put ‘un i’ th’ stocks!”

“Then you’ll have to put the whole country i’ th’ stocks,” said Gosling; “for everybody talks about ‘un.”

“And I hope everybody ’ll turn out and thrash ‘un!” cried the young farmer. “We don’t want him here.”

“Speak for yourself, young fellow,” said Gosling, sharply. “I for one am no friend of the papishers.”

“But I’m for the King, and down wi’ his

enemies!" exclaimed the farmer, becoming warm.

"Right, Gregory!" cried Peppercorne. "The King shan't be slandered. I've given Master Gosling fair warnin', and if he don't put a bridle on his tongue, he 'll rue it."

But notwithstanding this interdiction, Gosling pursued his theme, and would probably have proceeded to greater lengths, if the whole party had not been disturbed by the arrival of two horsemen, who, alighting, and giving their horses in charge to the ostler, entered the inn, preceded by Dick Froggatt.

It soon became known to the group of idlers without, that the visitors had been expected by the host, and that fresh horses were provided for their progress onward; and various were the conjectures which this intelligence excited. But the gossips could not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on

the subject, and, after a time, one or two went off, and the whole party soon dispersed.

At this juncture, another horseman rode up to the inn. He was mounted on a strong grey roadster, who, though he had evidently been ridden hard, was in such good condition, that he shewed no symptoms of fatigue. The horseman's dress was that of an officer of dragoons, consisting of a scarlet coat, laced with gold, with short loose sleeves, terminated by lace ruffles, white doeskins, and wide funnel-topped boots, armed with gilt spurs. A laced cravat was hung loosely from his throat, and a three-cornered hat, trimmed with feathers, was set fiercely upon his head. Dismounting, he took a pair of large horse pistols out of the holsters, and clapping them under his left arm, committed his horse to the ostler, giving him a few injunctions in a low tone, and then

marched towards the house, the point of his long sword trailing on the ground as he pursued his course.

At the door he was met by Froggatt, who saluted him as Captain Hawker, and after a word or two had passed, in an under tone, between them, the host led his guest to a closet at the back of the bar, and pointing to a little hole in the wainscot, motioned him to be silent, and withdrew.

Meanwhile, the two persons who had previously arrived, were sitting in an inner room, discussing some cold meat and a flask of wine.

“ Your lordship aint told me yet what this great job is,” said one of them, “ and I never goes about a thing blindfold ; so, if you wants my help, you must e’en tell me what ’s in the wind. You know,” he added, with a familiar grin, “ there ’s no secrets between you and me, Lord Mauvesin.”

The nobleman bit his lip.

“ The secret is not mine, Snewin,” he said, petulantly.

“ It’s all one to me whose secret it is,” cried Snewin. “ You wants me to lend a hand in it, and I don’t stir a peg further, till I knows the whole consarn.”

Mauvesin reflected for a moment, and then, considering that no harm was likely to arise from the disclosure, he revealed the whole design, on which he was engaged by the Prince of Orange, to his companion.

“ This ’ll make our jint fortins, my lord,” cried Snewin, when the other had finished his relation. “ Here’s your lordship’s partikler good health,” he added, pouring out a tumbler of wine, and swallowing it at a draught. “ And now let’s order the horses, and set forward at wonst.”

Their departure, however, was checked, by a loud altercation at the door.

“ Don’t tell me, landlord ! ” cried an authoritative voice without. “ Horses, in the name of the Prince of Orange. No refusal. Ha ! ”

“ Well, captain, they ’re not mine, that ’s all,” answered the submissive voice of Froggatt ; “ here ’s the two gen’l’men they belong to, and if they ’re willin’, I ’m agreeable.

“ Agreeable or not I ’ll have ’em,” cried the captain, throwing open the door, and disclosing his stalwart person to Mauvesin and Snewin. “ Ha, gentlemen ! your most obedient. Painful necessity. Public service. Prince of Orange. Seize your horses. Must have ’em. No refusal. Ha ! ”

“ Stay, sir, this necessity may be obviated,” said Lord Mauvesin, rising, and stepping up to him. “ Before I part with my horses, I shall require some better proof of your authority than mere words. But,” he added, in a whisper, “ if it is true that you

are engaged in the Prince's service, you must know that I am in the same interest."

"Humph! ha! Easily said," cried Hawker.

"And easily proved," answered Mauvesin. "But before I can believe your assertion, I shall require you to tell me where his highness is at this moment."

"Exeter—ha!" replied the captain, with a knowing wink.

"Right," replied Mauvesin, with some surprise, "and I now believe you have come from his highness, but let me recommend you to be more cautious how you proclaim your connexion with him. As for me and my companion, this signet will shew you that we are engaged in the Prince's service, and therefore must not be molested."

As he spoke, he displayed the Prince's signet, which the captain affected to examine minutely.

“Good!” he then said, bowing, and taking off his hat. “Honour of addressing Lord Mauvesin, ha!”

“You have,” said Mauvesin, regarding him suspiciously.

“Captain Hawker, my name. Orders to accompany you. Glad I ’ve overtaken you. Thought I was right, but always prudent. Never commit myself. Horses at the door. Bill paid. Mount.”

So saying, the captain wheeled about, and led the way to the door, where the three horses were in readiness All was settled in a trice, and they galloped off.

V

SALISBURY PLAIN.

As the three horsemen proceeded, the waste on either side of the road gradually widened, the trees disappeared, and at length they entered the vast expanse of Salisbury Plain. The day was just closing, and numerous flocks of sheep could be seen in the distance, passing over the downs, like fleecy clouds, repairing to their various pens, while the tinkling of their bells alone broke the silence. On one side the travellers could

just discern the tall spire of Salisbury Cathedral piercing the air, but the city itself was scarcely distinguishable, and the eye extended for miles over brown downs, broken here and there by copse and brushwood, and cast up into ranges of barrows, which, in the distance, looked like large mole hills, but presenting no trace of human habitation.

After riding rapidly forward for some time, the horsemen came in sight of a man standing in the middle of the road, and bending over his horse, which had evidently fallen from exhaustion.

“Ha!” cried Mauvesin, joyfully, “that must be the traitor, Moor. Let us on. We have the Prince’s authority to put him to death.”

With these words, he plunged spurs into his steed, and galloped forward, coming up with Moor almost as soon as the latter was

aware of his approach. He was closely followed by the others, but before Snewin could lend his patron any assistance, Hawker struck him a violent blow on the head with the butt of a pistol, which knocked him from his horse, and then levelled the pistol at Mauvesin.

“Out with the paper and the ring,” he cried. “Overheard all, you see. Played the eaves-dropper. Good joke, eh? No joke if you don’t comply. Bullet through your brain. Ha!”

“Hold!” cried Mauvesin, drawing forth a folded paper and a ring. “This is the act of a highwayman.”

“No time for parleying,” cried the captain, snatching the things. “Mount,” he added to Moor, pointing to Snewin’s horse. “Fresh hack. Carry you to London. Here’s ring and paper. Ring, private signet of the Prince of Orange. Paper contains

names of his friends in the King's camp. Understand, eh? Clap spurs to your tit. Take them at once to the King. Want to know your friend? Recollect the Golden Farmer! Ha! No thanks. Meet again one of these days. Perhaps at Tyburn. Good bye!"

All this passed with such rapidity, that before Mauvesin could recover from his first surprise, Moor had galloped off. As he disappeared, the Golden Farmer commanded Mauvesin to deliver up his purse, and dismount; orders which he thought it prudent to obey; when the Golden Farmer seized the nobleman's steed by the bridle, and clapping spurs to his own horse, rode away with both animals, leaving Mauvesin with his senseless companion in the middle of the plain.

Gazing furiously after him, the nobleman shook his hand menacingly, and cried,

"He thinks he has foiled me, but he will

find himself mistaken. The paper he has taken will not help him to much information; and should the Prince of Orange fail, I yet possess the means of purchasing safety. One piece of luck has come of it; I am rid of Snewin," he added, stirring the constable's body with his foot. "No, he yet lives! Curses on the fellow for his clumsiness. Would he had killed him outright."

Meanwhile, Moor pursued his way, covering nearly twenty miles of waste, when he arrived at the outskirts of Salisbury, and dashing through a long straggling street, quitted the city, and again reached the high road. Night came on apace—cloudy and dark, but still the rider did not slacken his speed, and his horse bravely obeyed his will.

Hours passed by. The long, dark, cold night grew later and later, and still he pressed on. Now he was traversing a

lonely lane—now crossing a bleak moor—now galloping through a wood—now dashing through a village or a town, which, shrouded in darkness and in sleep, was quiet as a churchyard. On he rode, never drawing the rein, never abating his pace, with no companion but his thoughts, and nothing to disturb them but the tramp of his horse, or the fierce blasts of the wind.

The morning broke at last—cold, raw, and veiled in a thick fog. The road was as much deserted as during the night—not a single passenger appeared, not a labourer was in the fields. Shivering with cold, and dripping with wet, Moor still urged on his jaded steed, his fatigue becoming more insupportable every moment. But as the morning advanced, the fog cleared away; the sun shone brightly forth, and, shedding warmth and cheerfulness everywhere around, Moor felt enlivened by the genial influence.

In another hour he came in sight of Hounslow Heath, covered with the royal camp. Long lines of tents, interspersed with pavilions, of various proportions, adorned with gorgeous colours, and decorated with streamers, stretched out before him. In the midst stood the King's pavilion, surmounted by a banner, emblazoned with the royal arms; and on every side were seen groups of soldiers—some in their fatigue dress, preparing for parade, others in full uniform, and others on guard.

Scarcely able to keep the saddle, Moor expected every moment that his horse would sink under him, but the noble animal still bore up, making an almost supernatural, though dying effort to reach the entrance to the camp. Arrived there, not without difficulty and some hindrance from the outposts, Moor spurred on towards a group of officers, who

had been watching his approach with the greatest interest, and as he drew nearer, the principal personage among them advanced to meet him, and at the same time, Moor, reining in his steed, the poor animal fell to the ground, and, after a slight struggle, died.

Extricating his feet from the stirrups, Moor staggered forward and took off his hat.

“God save your majesty!” he cried. “The Prince of Orange has landed, and is now in Exeter.”

Exclamations broke from the officers, but James was silent, and turned pale as death. Recovering, he took Moor by the arm, and led him into the pavilion, where he filled a flagon with wine, and presented it to him. Moor eagerly drained the cup.

“I need not now explain to your majesty how it is that I am the bearer of this

news," he cried. "It is necessary that I should first put you on your guard. The Prince of Orange intends to induce you, either by craft or violence, to quit your kingdom."

"Ha! is that his aim?" cried James, sternly, his wrath overcoming his distress.

"The Prince's troops are chiefly new levies," pursued Moor, "and wanting both in spirit and discipline. Indeed he is much dispirited himself, no one of note having yet joined him."

"Are you sure of that?" cried James, eagerly.

"Your majesty may rely upon what I have advanced," answered Moor.

"Then by heaven I will march for Exeter at once, and cut him and his rebellious host to pieces!" returned James, rising.

“But I must warn your majesty that some of your officers are traitors,” pursued Moor. “The invader places his hopes of assistance in them.”

And drawing forth the ring and paper, he acquainted the King with the design they referred to, and how they came into his possession.

“You have rendered me a signal service,” said James, when he had concluded. “The traitor Mauvesin shall not go unpunished. This paper has come to me in good time. Ho! the guard! Some arrests must be made before I leave the camp.”

Yet he still looked hesitatingly at the outside of the paper, as if he dreaded the disclosures within; but at last, breaking the seal, he tore it open. The writing within was in cypher.

“See,” he said, falteringly, “their names are as inscrutable as themselves. I am sur-

rounded by traitors, yet know not whom to seize. Would that you had brought Mauvesin a prisoner. He must possess the key to this cypher."

"It may be, my liege," replied Moor; "but were I in your majesty's place, I should not hesitate to march boldly against the enemy."

"You are a young counsellor, but you have proved yourself both brave and skilful, and I will follow your advice," answered James. "I will give orders to march without delay. And now take some rest—you need it much—and when you are sufficiently recruited, you shall attend me to London."

"An hour's rest will suffice for me, my liege," replied Moor.

And quitting the presence, he was conducted by an orderly to an adjoin-

ing tent, where, desiring the man to call him in an hour, he threw himself upon a soldier's couch, and was instantly asleep.

VI

THE FLIGHT OF SUNDERLAND.

ROUSED by the orderly at the appointed time, Moor repaired to the royal tent, in front of which he found the King on horseback, surrounded by a party of horse-guards, and giving directions to their commander, Colonel Kirke. With a smile of cordial welcome to the young man, James ordered a horse to be brought him, and directed him to keep by his side. Soon after this, the whole cavalcade set forward.

As they passed through the camp, Moor observed that many of the tents were already raised, preparatory to the march, and a strong force was engaged in striking the remainder, while numerous fatigue parties were seen packing the baggage wagons, and the residue of the regiments were assembling in different points, at the call of the bugle. Aides-de-camp and orderlies were galloping to and fro, sutlers and soldiers' wives were bustling about, drums rolling, trumpets braying, and all things indicated the immediate departure of the army.

At the boundary of the camp, the guard turned out, and presented arms to the King; and passing to the high-road, James rode quickly on in the direction of London.

The journey was silent and gloomy. On entering St. James's Park, they found the Mall almost deserted, but numerous groups

were collected in front of Whitehall, conversing anxiously on the rumours of the day. As the King came in sight, a low buzz arose from the crowd, but it instantly subsided, and on drawing near, the monarch was received in solemn silence.

Entering the palace, James bent his steps towards the Queen's apartments, followed by Moor, and as they reached the chamber adjoining them, an usher and several valets were in attendance. Moor was about to halt, but James motioned him to follow. The usher threw open the folding doors, while two of the valets flung back a curtain within, and following James to the interior, Moor found himself in an ante-chamber.

“ You had better remain here,” said James. “ Her majesty may wish to make some inquiries of you respecting the invader.”

He pointed to a neighbouring bay-

window, and bending deferentially, Moor retired thither, while the King passed to the room beyond.

Moor had been but a few minutes in the embrasure of the window, when he heard a step approaching, and, looking up, perceived Sabine. He uttered a joyful exclamation, and eagerly caught her hand.

“I am, indeed, rejoiced to see you again, Mr. Moor,” said Sabine. “I was afraid those desperate men, who my uncle told me had carried you off, might have detained you a captive, or have forced you to serve against the King. Indeed, I have had a thousand fears about you.”

“I am happy in the interest you feel in me,” returned Moor; “but your uncle could have told you that I had nothing to apprehend. I was under the protection of Colonel Sidney, and he would not suffer injury to be done me.”

“ More than a month elapsed, and we had no tidings of you,” said Sabine.

“ That was unavoidable,” rejoined Moor. “ On my arrival in Holland, I was offered the alternative of my liberty, on parole, or a dungeon. I accepted the former offer, but with this condition attached to it, that I was to hold no communication with any one in England.”

At this moment, voices were heard without, and bidding a hasty adieu to Moor, Sabine retired by the further door. As she disappeared, an usher passed across, accompanied by the Earl of Sunderland and the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he conducted to the saloon beyond, where he ushered them into the presence of James.

Both the prelate and the minister wore a grave look.

“ I heard of the landing of the Prince of Orange, my liege,” said Sunderland; “ and I

thought it proper to send for the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order that he might advise with your majesty in this crisis."

" You did well, my lord," answered James. And he added to the Archbishop, " Your grace's prompt attendance is very acceptable to me."

" I hope it may also be serviceable to your majesty," said the venerable prelate, "and not only in respect to your temporal, but your eternal welfare."

" How?" cried James, angrily.

" I have hitherto forborne, my liege, to approach you with any arguments against the errors of the creed of Rome, and favourable to the doctrines of the Church of England," replied the Archbishop; " but at the present time I would rather incur your displeasure, than neglect the opportunity of submitting my opinions to you. If you would avert the wrath of Heaven, you must

govern yourself according to its Word. The Church, for which your august father suffered martyrdom, which clasped you as an infant to her bosom, which brought you up in the true faith of the Redeemer, and which is the sure bulwark of your throne, now calls upon you, through me, to turn to her again. I beseech your majesty to hear the Truth. Bring with you, if you please, the most subtle propagandists of Rome. Armed with the sacred truths of the New Testament, I will, with the Divine blessing, overcome them. Oh! your majesty," he continued, falling at the King's feet, "on my knees I entreat you to return to us. Give peace to your people! Avert from us a bloody civil war! Above all, make your own peace with Heaven!"

"I know that your grace's advice is tendered kindly," said James, taking the Archbishop by both hands, and raising him, "and

that you are animated with the best wishes both for my temporal and eternal good. But my heart is fixed in the holy faith I profess, and at this critical moment I desire to avoid subjects of controversy. Let us rather throw aside our differences, and join in opposing the common enemy."

"I will gladly render whatever assistance I can to your majesty," replied the Archbishop, "but my best efforts will assuredly fail, if you do not sacrifice something to the religious feelings of your people."

"The cry of your subjects is, that in embracing Popery, you virtually abdicated your throne, my liege," observed Sunderland. "Such is, indeed, the law, but they were content that your majesty should follow your own persuasions, so long as your august family were educated in the tenets of the Protestant Church."

"And what is your own opinion, my

lord?" asked James, sharply. "New converts, like you, are generally very decided in their views."

"Much may be said on both sides," answered Sunderland, "but human judgment is fallible, and princes have invariably consulted the interests of their kingdom, as well as their own consciences, in these matters. Thus your majesty's maternal grandfather, Henry IV., of France, of illustrious memory, though he had fought many a battle for the Huguenots, judged it prudent, on coming to the throne, to conform to Popery. Likewise your majesty's royal brother, though a Catholic at heart, professed Protestantism, never avowing himself a Romanist till the moment of his death. Now, I do not pretend to advise your majesty in so tender a matter; but seeing that the Archbishop of Canterbury offers to dispute the question with the best advocates of our holy religion,

and bearing in mind the danger that threatens you, and the prejudices of your people, I cannot deny that it would be for the advantage of your majesty's service if you returned to the Church of England—provided, of course, that his grace could make it apparent that you ought to sacrifice some little points of belief to the national good."

"And if I could be persuaded to adopt this course," observed James, drily, "might I hope that your lordship would be induced to follow my example?"

"The conversion of your majesty would, doubtless, open the eyes of many," interposed the Archbishop.

"It would indeed bring back many to the Church of England," cried Sunderland; "and really the difference between the two creeds is more nominal than real. Supposing, then, that your majesty became re-

conciled to the English communion, I cannot say that I should not look very closely into the matter. There is, it must be owned, a great deal to be said for the Church of England—a very great deal."

" You have yourselves furnished me with the strongest argument against my apostacy," said James, with ill-suppressed anger. " You acknowledge that my return to the Church of England would lead to the conversion of many others. Thus I should not only peril my own soul, but should be responsible for the perdition of those who followed my evil example. I would rather lose my crown than endanger my salvation. You have your answer. If I think fit to alter my determination, I will let you know."

And with a slight inclination of the person, he turned away, and retired.

Sunderland and the Archbishop remained

stationary for a few minutes, in low and earnest conversation, when they passed towards the ante-chamber, where the usher in waiting hastened to attend them.

Seated in the recess formed by the bay-window, Moor escaped notice. After a time evening drew nigh, and valets entered with lights, and, as the young man could not retire without the royal commands, he began to look anxiously for the re-appearance of the King. As night advanced, and James did not come, Moor was growing impatient, when Sabine hurriedly entered.

Glancing timidly around her, she stepped hastily towards Moor.

“I was afraid you had gone,” she said. “I come to warn you that your friend, Lord Sunderland, is in great peril. The King has been persuaded by Father Petre to sign a warrant for his arrest, and he is to be sent instantly to the Tower.”

“Surely, you are mistaken!” cried Moor. “It is little more than an hour since Lord Sunderland passed through this room, after what I presume to have been a friendly conference with his majesty.”

“It is too true,” replied Sabine; “the King has been closeted ever since with Father Petre. I accidentally overheard their discourse, and if events go unfavourably for the King, I fear that some violence will be perpetrated. If favourably, Lord Sunderland is to be tried for high treason, and beheaded.”

“I will go to Spencer House, and warn his lordship of his danger!” cried Moor.

“Do, do!” said Sabine. “You have not a moment to lose.”

Passing into an outer chamber, Moor broke through the crowd of attendants, and hastened from the palace.

He now found, as Sabine had told him,

that he must use the utmost despatch; for a party of dragoons were already being drawn up in the palace-yard, and he had no doubt that they were to be employed in apprehending the earl. But, in order to avoid suspicion, he was obliged to proceed leisurely till he reached the street, when he crossed over into the park, and ran down the Mall, passing through the Stable Yard to Saint James's Place.

At the end of this street he halted before a stately stone mansion, and knocking loudly at the door, it was opened by a porter, who, on learning that his business was of the last importance, instantly called a valet, and directed him to lead him to the earl.

Sunderland was alone with the countess. There was something in Moor's look, as he entered, that excited the minister's suspicions, and waving the servant

from the room, he hurried forward to meet him.

“What is the matter, Mr. Moor?” he inquired.

“His majesty has issued a warrant for your lordship’s arrest,” replied Moor. “You must fly this instant, or you will endanger your head.”

The Countess uttered an exclamation of terror. Sunderland was speechless.

“The dragoons will be here in a few minutes,” pursued Moor. “You must make all haste to the coast, where you will no doubt find means of reaching the continent.”

“Fly rather to the Prince of Orange,” said the Countess. “He will rejoice to receive you, though the master whom you have served so faithfully, even to the sacrifice of your religion, condemns you to the block.”

“No, no; I will go to the continent,” answered Sunderland. “By a fortunate

chance, there is a vessel lying in the river, which sails to-morrow morning, and the master of which I have often employed as the bearer of my dispatches. I would go to the Queen, but I cannot trust these men, and there is no time for delay."

As he spoke there was a loud knocking at the outer door, which alarmed the whole household.

"We are undone!" cried the Countess.

"Not so," said Moor, throwing open a French window. "We can make our way across the park, while you, Countess, can lead the dragoons to believe that his lordship is in the house."

Catching at the prospect of escape, Sunderland hurried to an inner room, and presently returned, equipped in a cloak and hat; then taking a hasty leave of the Countess, he followed Moor through the window on to a terrace, leading to a small garden. There

was a gate at the end of it, opening into the Green Park, at that time forming one inclosure with the larger park of St. James's.

Without experiencing any hindrance, the fugitives reached Westminster-stairs, where Sunderland called a wherry, and engaged it to carry him on board ship. As he descended to the boat, he took Moor by the hand, and bade him adieu.

“I will return soon,” he added; “and mark my words, it will be as prime minister of England.”

The prediction was fulfilled.

VII.

THE ROYAL NURSERY.

ADJOINING the private apartments of the Queen, at Whitehall, was another suite of rooms, appropriated to the infant Prince of Wales. The principal chamber was lofty and spacious, and panelled with polished oak. The windows were shaded by light verandahs, and guarded at the bottom by trellis-work, while crimson curtains depended from above, where the whole was crowned by an ostrich plume, the Prince of Wales's

badge, elaborately carved and gilded. Couches and ottomans were dispersed round the room; and, in one corner, under a canopy of state, surmounted by the royal arms, with the ostrich plume as the crest, stood a cot, adorned with hangings of crimson and gold, with the prince's device worked in silver round the border, and carved again over the two supporters. The room contained also a chair of state and footstools, a rocking-chair, and a *prie-dieu*; and on a small sideboard stood a massive gold waiter, bearing two vessels of the same metal.

The unconscious object of all this pomp, a delicate-looking infant, was lying in the cot asleep. He was watched by a lady, who was seated close by, near the fire, plying her needle diligently. While she was thus engaged, a door leading to an inner room was softly opened, and a man stepped in. Perceiving him, the lady was about to utter a

cry, when the man motioned her sternly to remain silent, and, throwing back his cloak and hat, disclosed the features of Johnstone.

The lady instantly recognised him, but she still looked alarmed.

“ How could you venture here ? ” she cried. “ If you are discovered, you will destroy both yourself and me.”

“ Do not be alarmed, Mrs. Dawson,” said Johnstone. “ I have bought over the usher stationed at the private staircase, and therefore incur but little risk; but, even were it otherwise, the object I have in view supersedes all personal considerations. I must see *him*.”

“ The Prince of Wales ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, a sudden flush mounting to her face. “ What do you want with him ? I will not have him harmed.”

“ Do you take me for a murderer ? ”

answered Johnstone. “I would not hurt him for the world.”

“Come then,” said Mrs. Dawson.
“Tread softly.”

Taking a taper from the table, she led him up to the cot; and drawing aside the drapery, disclosed the sleeping infant.

Johnstone gazed in the child’s face in silence for several minutes, pausing on each feature in succession; with a keen and searching look.

“There may be a resemblance,” he said, at last, as if making an unwilling admission, “but it is very slight.”

“You will not be convinced,” replied Mrs. Dawson, “or you would long since have thrown these prejudices aside. The proofs of the child’s birth leave no room for doubt.”

“I will not argue the matter with you,” answered Johnstone; “but whatever may

be the proofs adduced, you know that the disbelief I express is universally entertained. If the child lives, this will lead to endless bloodshed. He will be miserable himself, and will bring misery on the whole kingdom. It is in your power to prevent this mischief. Let me take him away, and I solemnly pledge myself—”

“ Hold ! ” said Mrs. Dawson, interrupting him. “ I cannot consent to any such measure. I have assisted you in every thing else, but I will not harm the child.”

“ I solemnly engage that he shall be reared tenderly,” cried Johnstone. “ Nay, you shall have charge of him yourself, and your reward shall be a fortune and a title.”

“ Not for worlds would I so wrong him,” replied Mrs. Dawson, vehemently. “ But hark ! the Queen is coming.”

Without making a reply, Johnstone hastened to the inner door, and had hardly

disappeared, when a folding-door opposite was thrown open by two valets, and the Queen entered, accompanied by the Count de Lauzun, Barillon, Lord Melfort, and Count d'Adda. They were followed by Anna Montecuculi and La Riva.

As the royal mother advanced to the cot, Mrs. Dawson touched a silken bell-rope, and two nurses entered by a side-door, and remained in attendance.

Softly as the Queen trod, the child seemed disturbed by her approach ; and though he had slept calmly under the gaze of his enemy, he now stirred at the step of his mother, and turned uneasily in the bed, uttering a low cry. Throwing aside the drapery, the Queen caught him in her arms. The child cast a frightened look from the attending nobles to the maids of honour, and from them to the nurses, and then, closing his eyes on the splendour that

surrounded him, threw himself on his mother's bosom. Seating herself in the chair of state, Mary drew him closer to her, and the child was speedily reassured. Pride beamed in the mother's eye, and joy glowed on her cheek, as he raised his tiny hands towards her, and greeted her with a smile.

But while the royal parent was bending proudly and fondly over her son, and while her ear was eagerly drinking in the commendations of the courtiers, the smile disappeared from the infant's face, and he uttered a scream. The next moment his complexion became livid, his features contorted, and his little frame writhed with convulsions.

As she beheld this sudden change, Mary became so agitated, that the child almost dropped from her arms. Yet she refused to give him to Mrs. Dawson, who had hurried to her assistance.

“It is nothing serious, gracious madam,” cried Lauzun; “but I will go for Doctor Chamberlayne.”

“Stay,” said Count D’Adda. “Let me have some water. Do not be alarmed, your majesty. There is no need of a surgeon.”

A silver vessel, containing water, was quickly presented to him, and repeating a short Latin prayer, he dedicated the lymph to religious uses. Meanwhile, the child’s convulsions became so violent, that Mary could not hold him; and, at last, she was obliged to accept the assistance of Mrs. Dawson. At this moment, the nuncio dipped his hand in the holy water, and sprinkled it on the child’s face, at the same time repeating a Latin prayer. Then, bending over him, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead.

Each of the bystanders looked curiously, as well as anxiously, for the effect of this

proceeding. When the prelate first touched the infant, his convulsions became more violent; but all at once, as the sign of the cross was completed, they suddenly subsided, and as the priest spread his hands over him, the child became perfectly still.

“Thank Heaven!” exclaimed Mary, joyfully, “the fit is over. The hand of His minister has stayed it.”

The courtiers looked at each other in silence. Meanwhile, the child laid back in the Queen’s arms, and soon dropped into a profound sleep.

No longer under any alarm, Mary consigned him to the care of Mrs. Dawson, who deposited him in the cot. Mary then looked tenderly at him, and withdrew, followed by the courtiers and her attendants.

Mrs. Dawson now dismissed the two under nurses, and they retired by the side-door; and recollecting some instructions

which she proposed to give them, Mrs. Dawson was about to call them back, but, changing her mind, she followed them. She had been absent only a few minutes, when the folding-door was again thrown open, and the Queen reappeared, though now unattended, and looked round in surprise for one of the nurses. At this juncture Mrs. Dawson returned to the room.

“ You should not leave the prince alone,” said Mary, severely. “ How is he now?”

And without waiting for a reply, she approached the cot, and drew aside the drapery. The child was gone!

Too much agitated to speak, Mary turned with a look of horror to Mrs. Dawson, and pointed to the vacant bed. The poor nurse was hardly less alarmed than herself, and uttered a sharp cry, which quickly brought her two assistants to the room, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion.

As it was supposed at first that the child might have awakened and crawled out of his cot, the apartment was thoroughly searched, but without success, and, overwhelmed with grief, Mary hastened to communicate the evil tidings to James, while Mrs. Dawson, who, though she did not dare to mention it, conjectured the cause of the prince's disappearance, ran from room to room in distraction. The alarm soon spread through the whole palace, and almost as soon as Mary reached the King's closet, she was joined by the Count de Lauzun, who hastened to console her.

“If it be indeed a scheme of the Orange party,” he cried, “they will be foiled. Not a soul can leave the palace without first coming to me. But having taken every precaution, let us now go and question the nurses narrowly.”

“You are right, Count,” cried James,

pressing his hand. “That is the most proper course.”

And they passed together towards the royal nursery.

In the meantime Mrs. Dawson was running to and fro in the same wild and distracted way, and wringing her hands, when she felt her arm grasped from behind, and, turning, beheld Johnstone.

“I thought to have carried him off,” said Johnstone, producing the infant prince; “but the usher has warned me that they have changed the password—take him.”

Uttering an exclamation of delight, and seizing the sleeping child, Mrs. Dawson pressed him to her bosom and disappeared.

A few minutes afterwards the royal parents and Lauzun entered the nursery. As they stepped forward they perceived Mrs. Dawson standing in the middle of the chamber, the very image of despair.

“ The prince is not yet found, then ? ” cried James, sternly.

Mrs. Dawson burst into tears.

“ Strange,” exclaimed Lauzun, advancing towards the cot. “ There must have been some foul play. He could not be taken hence without the connivance of his nurses.”

As he spoke he looked at the vacant pillow of the Prince, and, turning back the coverlet, perceived the child lying at the foot of the bed. Uttering a joyful exclamation, he held him up, and displayed him to his parents.

The delight of the King and Queen was equalled only by their surprise, in which Mrs. Dawson seemed to participate. But when his first transport was over, James could not repress a look of displeasure.

“ There must have been great carelessness here,” he said to Mrs. Dawson. “ You

see what confusion this false alarm has created in the palace."

"Nay, do not blame her," interposed Mary, "for it was I who raised the alarm. I missed my boy from his pillow, and did not think that he might have turned over to the bottom of the bed. But he is safe, thank Heaven! And we may now safely leave him to Mrs. Dawson."

"You may, indeed, madam," answered Mrs. Dawson; "for I will guard him as I would my life."

Mary, who had received the little Prince from Lauzun, pressed her lips softly on his brow, and smilingly handed him to Mrs. Dawson. Attended by James and Lauzun, she then quitted the nursery.

VIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE CITY CHARTER.

THE intelligence of Sunderland's flight spread through the metropolis like wild-fire. It was looked upon as one of those events which often precede and announce a great national convulsion, and, as such, struck terror into the boldest breast. The public mind now hung in uncertainty between two pressing evils—dreading, on the one hand, the ruin of the popular cause, which might follow the triumph of the King; and, on

the other, shrinking from submission to a foreign invader.

At Whitehall the great actors in the scene began to be alarmed. On the following morning the King and his leading ministers assembled in the council-room, and deliberated long and gravely on the threatening posture of affairs. While they were thus engaged, the usher of the counsel entered, and, approaching James, requested an audience for the Spanish ambassador. James ordered him to be admitted, and, the next moment, Don Pedro Ronquillo made his appearance, dressed with more than usual magnificence.

“I have come to offer my best services to you, my liege,” said Don Pedro. “My august master is the ally of the Prince of Orange, as well as of your majesty, and I should be proud to mediate between you.”

“Mediate!” cried James, sternly.

“ His majesty is in a condition to impose terms, not to ask them,” said Father Petre; “ but even were it otherwise, he would make none with this unnatural invader.”

“ That may, or may not be judicious, reverend sir,” replied the ambassador, stiffly. “ I have no object in view but his majesty’s advantage.”

“ His majesty is fully sensible of your zeal,” sneered the Jesuit.

“ Yes,” said James, angrily. “ I have even heard that the invader has been aided in his enterprise by the King of Spain.”

“ In what way, sire?” asked the ambassador.”

“ With money,” answered James.

“ Your pardon,” cried Don Pedro, with a smile. “ They who gave your majesty that information, could know but little of Spain. Good care is taken that no money shall go

out of that country. In the name of his majesty, my master, I declare that he has no connexion whatever with the expedition. Moreover, I renew my offer to mediate between you and the Prince of Orange, and I engage to make the Prince enter into a convention with your majesty, on one condition."

Don Pedro drew a folded paper from his pocket, and presented it to the King.

"My condition is, that your majesty will deny the authenticity of this paper," he said, "or, if that is impossible, will rescind it."

Glancing at the paper, James turned as pale as a corpse, and handed it to Father Petre, who bit his lips and was silent. But instantly recovering, he turned furiously on the ambassador.

"This is a forgery!" he exclaimed. "You know it is so."

“If his majesty will tell me so, I shall be satisfied,” answered Don Pedro; “but I need not tell you, my liege, that if it were known that you had entered into a secret treaty with France, such as this paper discloses the people would desert you in a body.”

“It is not for his majesty’s allies to object to such a treaty, when they can lend him no assistance themselves,” observed the Earl of Melfort. “But I confess that you speak the truth, as regards the King’s subjects.”

“Your excellency must not divulge this secret,” said Jeffreys, in a low voice.

“Unfortunately, it is known to others,” returned Don Pedro. “The only resource is, as I have already said, for his majesty to recall it. Let me implore you to do so, my liege.”

James was silent, but looked inquiringly from one counsellor to another, seemingly

lost in indecision. At last he turned to the ambassador.

“I will see M. Barillon about it,” he said. “Come to me this evening, and I will give you an answer.”

Upon this the ambassador withdrew, and without recurring to the subject of the secret treaty, the council resumed the debate which his visit had interrupted.

Their deliberations were continued for upwards of an hour. At length it was decided that the measures of conciliation adopted by Sunderland, should be still pursued, and in order to display more strongly the gracious intentions of the King, it was determined to send the Lord Chancellor to Guildhall, in a state procession, with the forfeited charter of the city, which James had promised to restore.

Arrangements were quickly made for carrying this design into execution, and, in

a short time, Jeffreys, arrayed in his robes of office, and holding the charter in his hand, entered a state coach, in the palace-yard, where a procession was drawn up, consisting of four mounted trumpeters, followed by two heralds, in their tabards, and a troop of the horse-guards, who were succeeded by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace, and another officer carrying the sword of justice, making way for Jeffreys, whose coach was followed by a number of mounted officers, and another troop of guards. As the procession approached the palace-gate, it was met by a guard of honour, who presented arms, and with a stirring flourish, the trumpeters passed on into Parliament-street, where an immense crowd had collected. The mob received them in silence, at first, but no sooner caught sight of Jeffreys, than they gave utterance to a deafening yell, which would have quailed the stoutest heart. Jeffreys

turned pale with fear, and thinking to appease the people, bent forward to the window, and held up the charter. But mistaking his movement for a menace, the mob redoubled their hootings, and the Chancellor was so terrified, that he shrank into a corner of the coach to hide himself from view.

Meanwhile, the procession made its way onward, and passing up the Strand to Temple Bar, proceeded along Cheapside, to Guildhall. A messenger had been despatched in advance to apprise the authorities of the Chancellor's approach, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had assembled at the hall, with the common-council, and the chief of the livery, all in their state robes, to receive him.

The area in front of the hall was thronged with the populace, who, like the crowd at the palace, uttered fearful vociferations on the appearance of Jeffreys, while many

saluted him aloud as “the Butcher,” amidst renewed yells and hootings. In this way the coach advanced to the great door of the hall, where Jeffreys alighted.

His fear gave way to rage, as he stepped forward, and proceeding up a small passage, entered the hall. Here he was met by Sir John Eyles, the Lord Mayor, with the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Common Council.

“Soh! my Lord Mayor! your currish citizens shew themselves very worthy of his majesty’s favour—ha!” he cried, in a terrible tone. “I say, they are a parcel of arrant rebels, my Lord Mayor. The King sent me to you with your charter, and you insult me for my pains. Zounds! I have a mind to take it back to his majesty, and tell him what a pack of rebellious hounds you harbour here. I will make you pay dearly for this outrage.”

“I hope, my lord, you will not set down

these rude brawlers as the citizens of London," said the Lord Mayor, in a deprecating tone. "The citizens have a great reverence for your lordship."

"In proof whereof, we have all assembled here to meet you, my lord," faltered one of the aldermen; "and we greatly regret the rudeness you have experienced."

"By my soul! you shall regret it in another sort," cried Jeffreys. "You shall all pay his majesty a good round fine for this insolence."

"We will cheerfully submit to his majesty's pleasure, if we can only exonerate ourselves before your lordship," answered the Lord Mayor. "You have always shewn great love for the city. I hope you will overlook the offence."

"When the King forgives, I will not be severe," returned Jeffreys, somewhat mollified. "But take care for the future. Now

to my message. His majesty is graciously pleased to restore you your charter, and by his command, I give it into your hands, my Lord Mayor, trusting you will feel duly grateful for the royal favour."

" You shall not find us slack in shewing our loyalty and gratitude, my lord," answered the Lord Mayor ; " and, as an evidence of our intentions, I beg that you will allow us to return with you to his majesty, in order that we may present him with a dutiful address on the occasion. Meanwhile, his gracious message shall be made known in every part of the city."

Jeffreys agreed to this arrangement, and, at the request of the Lord Mayor, consented to partake of a collation, which had been hastily prepared for him in the council room, whither he was accompanied by the chief officers of the corporation, while the mob without were informed, by sound of

trumpet, of the restoration of the charter, an announcement which called forth the loudest acclamations.

In the meantime, the yells with which Jeffreys had been saluted on leaving White-hall, had resounded through the palace, and created the greatest alarm. Sharing the general panic, Mary hastened to her consort's closet, where she found him in conference with Barillon, and saw at once, from their troubled looks, that they were full of misgiving.

“Your majesty has heard these fearful shouts,” said Mary. “Do you think the people intend to attack the palace?”

“There is little fear of that,” answered James; “it is too well guarded. But the mob are evidently ready for mischief, and, therefore, I have determined to set out instantly for the army, and bring the contest to an issue as soon as possible.. Do not

distress me by opposing my resolution. I have sent for the Princess Anne to take leave of her, and to charge her to obey you in my absence, as she would myself; and I only await the Chancellor's return from the city, to set forth."

"Your majesty is the best judge of what you should do," faltered Mary, scarcely able to restrain her tears. "I can only offer you my advice and prayers. Put your confidence in God, and your good cause, and may Heaven preserve you!"

With these words she turned away, and James was so touched that he had no power to call her back. He was silent for several minutes after she had retired, when he renewed his conference with Barillon, and they continued in anxious debate for some time. They were still deliberating, when the Spanish Ambassador was announced, and, by command of James, was admitted.

“ I have done myself the honour to attend your majesty before the time you appointed.” he said, “ as I received information that you were about to join the army. You will find it extremely advantageous to you to settle this matter before you set forth, and as Monsieur Barillon is here, perhaps you will be pleased to do so at once.”

“ His excellency refers to the secret treaty with my brother Louis,” said James to Barillon, in an uneasy tone. “ The treaty will only be acted on in case of necessity. I give you my assurance, Don Pedro, that I will not call in the aid of France till the last moment.”

“ I wish I could prevail on your majesty to accept it this instant,” said Barillon.

“ I protest against his majesty entering into an alliance with France,” returned Don Pedro. “ Such a treaty places Europe at the French King’s disposal, and converts

England into a French province. Let me implore your majesty to withdraw from this compact. The appalling shouts which greeted one of your ministers a few hours ago, should warn you not to give further offence to your people."

As he ceased speaking, they heard a loud noise, followed by thundering acclamations. James was so excited, that he hurried to the window, which commanded a view of the street, and looked forth. The ambassadors followed, and could hardly believe their eyes, on seeing Jeffreys in his coach, drawn by the populace, while the lord mayor and corporation rode on either side, and the people pressed forward to cheer him, throwing up their hats, and rending the air with plaudits.

Uttering a joyful exclamation, James was turning to the ambassadors, when he was joined by Mary, whose face beamed with plea-

sure, while tears of joy gathered in her eyes.

“This is new life to me!” she exclaimed. “Ah! your majesty; the English people may have their prejudices, but they are naturally loyal. They may be won by gentleness, though they will not be over-powered by violence.”

“You are right,” answered James. “Let me but once drive this invader out of the country, and my people shall have no cause to complain of me.”

At this juncture, the vice-chamberlain approached, and informed the monarch that the Chancellor had returned, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and corporation, who desired permission to present his majesty with an address of thanks. James directed the officer to precede him from the room; and, accompanied by Mary, and followed by the two ambassadors, he passed on to the

public reception-room, where the Chancellor and the civic authorities awaited him.

Leading Mary to a chair of state, placed on a fauteuil, at the upper end of the saloon, James took his place by her side, and saluted the officers of the corporation, who made him a profound obeisance.

“ Welcome to Whitehall, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen,” James then said. “ I have had much pleasure in restoring you your charter; and if I can do you any further service, you will only need to let me know it.”

“ Your majesty’s gracious words fill us with joy,” replied the Lord Mayor; “ and we humbly beg that you will permit us to present you with an address of thanks, which the corporation have adopted unanimously.”

James assenting, the chamberlain of the city stepped forward, and read forth an address from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and

Common Council, filled with the most fervent expressions of loyalty and devotion to the throne; setting forth their gratitude to the King for the restoration of their charter; and concluding with a declaration of their attachment to the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales.

James heard the address with evident pleasure; and, at its conclusion, thanked the corporation, in the Queen's name, as well as his own, adding, that though the throne was now in some danger, nothing could shake his confidence in his people, and that he was determined to lead his army in person to the field, where he had often hazarded his life in the service of the country.

His kind words, and the gracious urbanity of his manner, made a deep impression on the citizens; and they withdrew from the presence with renewed expressions of attachment.

All this had had a cheering effect on Mary, who was now in the highest spirits, and, after chatting a moment with Lauzun and Barillon, she turned, as the deputation retired, to congratulate James.

“It was, indeed, a most agreeable surprise,” replied James. And he added to Don Pedro, “and not more surprising to me than to your excellency.”

“Neither could it be more agreeable to you, my liege, than it is to me,” replied Don Pedro, who, if he could have detached James from his connexion with France, would really have been glad to see him victorious; “but do not let this distract your attention from what is passing. Withdraw from your alliance with the French king, and commission me to negotiate with the Prince of Orange.”

“I will not offer any counsel to your majesty, on the subject of your alliance with

my master," observed Barillon; "but I urgently recommend you not to enter into terms with the Prince of Orange."

"Hear my answer," replied James. "I will neither withdraw from my alliance with my brother Louis, nor enter into terms with the invader. If he sends to treat with me, I will dismiss his first messenger honourably, but I will hang the second, and answer his master from the cannon's mouth. Now to horse." And turning to Mary, he said, "Has the Princess Anne arrived?"

Mary changed colour. "The Princess has sent to ask your majesty to excuse her," she said: "she is confined to her chamber, by illness."

"My darling Anne ill!" cried James, anxiously. "I wish I had known it before, and we would have gone to visit her together; but it is too late now. I must make your majesty the bearer of my inquiries to her."

Mary was about to say, in reply, that the Princess might possibly not appreciate this mark of paternal affection, as there was strong ground for believing that her illness was feigned, in order to avoid receiving his parting injunctions; but she instantly checked herself, unwilling to cause a pang to a heart which was already so heavily charged with sorrow.

After speaking to her for a moment in an under tone, James walked with her to an ante-chamber, where he remained with her alone for a few minutes, when he returned to the saloon, wearing a cheerful look, though Mary's eyes were dimmed with tears.

Leading the Queen forward, James stepped up to the Count de Lauzun, and took him affectionately by the hand.

“I leave her majesty under your protection, Count,” he said. “I am going, I trust, to victory—but,” and he lowered his voice,

“if it prove otherwise, I rely on you to place the Queen in safety.”

“You have laid me under an eternal obligation, my liege,” replied Lauzun, placing his hand on his heart. “I was about to accompany you to the field, but you have honoured me with a higher trust. My life shall answer for her majesty’s safety.”

The King pressed his hand. He then bowed low to Mary, though without raising his eyes to her face, and turned, with affected gaiety, to a young man on his right, who was conversing in low tones with one of the loveliest of the Queen’s attendants.

“Now, Mr. Moor,” he said, with a faint smile, “you must bid adieu to your mistress, and ride to the field with me. I cannot stir without my aide-de-camp.”

Passing down the grand staircase, and crossing the great hall, James halted at the door of the palace, and raised his hat to the

court, the male portion of which answered with a cheer, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. A gallant cavalcade was drawn up in the palace-yard, consisting of the personal attendants of the King, and a troop of the horse-guards; and stepping forth, James mounted a led horse, and directed Moor to take his place by his side, which done, the whole party spurred forward.

The road in front of the palace was thronged with the populace; and, as James came in sight, deafening cheers arose, mingled with cries of “God bless your majesty!”

A flush of pleasure suffused the King’s face, and he could not conceal his satisfaction.

“This is a happy day,” he said to Moor, “and yet it is a Protestant wind. It blows hard, too, but see how proudly my banner braves it.”

Moor glanced towards the summit of the banqueting-house, where the royal standard was indeed floating proudly, with its gorgeous blazonry glittering in the sun. But before he could reply to the King's remark, a sudden and violent gust caught the flag-staff, and, snapping it in twain, the standard fell prostrate on the roof.

END OF VOL. II.

